What London Really Thinks About A Second Front

A Cable by Claude Cockburn

NEW MASSES

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"OPEN IT NOW!"

"EVERY day on waking," said the school director, "the first question I ask is whether a second front has started. When I learn there is no second front, my heart sinks."

So Maurice Hindus reports a conversation with a school director on some far-off collective farm near Kuibyshev. And the school director quietly added: "We are all like that."

YES, we are all of us like that, millions of people throughout the world whose hearts sink as one day after another passes, with no action in western Europe. Never, not even in the days of the Munich crisis, not even in the hours immediately after June 22, has there been such a universal tension. The delay on the second front creates not only the supreme military and political crisis of the whole era in which we live, but an emotional and psychological strain that is insufferable.

Citizens in Moscow have been stopping American reporters on the streets to ask: *Kogda zhe budet vtoroy?* When will the second front be opened? In Britain another Cabinet upheaval looms, the chorus of newspaper demand reaches a new crescendo. Premier Benes of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile expresses the hope, after reviewing a legion of Czech soldiers, that he may see them next in France. Millions of soldiers in the V-countries, says Colonel Britton over the radio, are awaiting the second front signal. And in our own country one powerful newspaper after another has recognized the urgency of immediate action. "It is absolutely imperative," says the New York *Herald Tribune*—no irresponsible paper—"that our people, our commanders, our heads of government appreciate the extreme gravity of the situation." A group of readers sends us a telegram calling for more energetic editorials. A friend calls up in panic to say that "It looks as though we are being taken for a ride." A Chinese newspaper, the leading conservative paper in Chungking, remarks that "There is plenty of noise on the staircase, but nobody comes down." People feel guilty to be going on vacations. A writer who fought in Spain comes into the office and says, "Give me a machine gun, and I'll open a second front by myself. . . ."

This is a war, said Earl Browder recently, in which "morals and morale play an evermore decisive part." Instinctively the democratic world realizes that everything hangs on immediate, decisive action. Not only the war, not only the fate of our country as well as Russia, not only the future of the United Nations, but the fate of everything our generation has been fighting for these last twenty-five years hangs in the balance.

SUPPOSE it had been the other way round. Suppose somehow that our own country had been invaded, from Canada in the north, perhaps after fifth column upheavals in Latin America. Suppose Hitler had only moved a little way into Russia, and then turned the weight of his juggernaut against us, smashing through the British Isles, cutting our communications with Iceland, sending his wolf-pack of submarines into the Caribbean, manipulating his puppets in Brazil, his candidates for the Vichy squad as in Argentina; suppose his armies were now battling their way down the Mississippi, having desolated the blue-grass of Kentucky, the green hills and neat farms of Vermont, shattering the industrial cities of the Ohio valley; suppose our capital were surrounded, outflanked on the Chesapeake Bay, two-and-a-half million of our brothers and fathers dead and dying, and Japan, facing us on the Pacific, with its fleets, and submarines and planes. . . .

Our newspapers would be appealing to Russia to realize how fatal was this moment, not only for our own sake but for Russia's. Would it not be clear to our Soviet allies that delay, delay, delay would only create a situation in which the Axis would gain the inexhaustible resources of the Americas, only to turn in full force against the Ukraine and the Caucasus? Wouldn't a voice be heard here and there, insinuating that the Soviets were only trying to have the capitalist powers exhaust themselves so that the Bolshevik colossus could pick up the pieces? Would it not be clear that to risk a week's delay might risk the whole future of the world, for with America conquered, how long could Russia survive?

It did not happen that way. But the issue is the same. America's future and the future of the whole world is being decided on the lush banks of the winding Don river. If today our territorial waters are unsafe for our own shipping—twenty-five more ships sunk in a week—then tomorrow, unless the second front is hastened, we shall face the full force of German submarines and planes literally sinking our ships as they come off the ways. If today another island off Alaska has been captured, then is it not clear that tomorrow—unless the second front becomes real—the Axis will have gained the positions from which to squeeze us and our allies out of the oceans, and back to our shores, back to the wall?

Unthinkable yes, but no more unthinkable than this incredible delay on the second front. Unthinkable that the Axis should regain the political as well as the military initiative, but it is only unthinkable if Britons and Americans will stand up in the next few weeks and act on that homely and American truth: unless we hang together, we shall all hang separately.

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—THE WORLD DEMANDS

IT IS not enough any longer to compliment the Soviet Union on its bravery, on the self-sacrifice of its millions of young men, whose life's blood has been drained in this bitter year of single-handed battle. That applause was fine last November; it was fine on the June 22 anniversary. Not enough any longer to calculate with map and ruler how much more territory the Russians can still afford, the favorite solace of some newspapers. Such confidence in Russia's vast spaces, in the resources of the Urals, was fine—last September. Not enough any longer to honor the valiant fight of a brave people, to thank them for the time they gave us—*unless we use the time that is now at hand for the decisive thrust at the throat of the ugly enemy.*

THE issue is not, as some newspapers say, for the military men to decide. Of course, the orders must be carried out only by those who are technically competent. But military men are notoriously cautious, especially in the face of such problems. Yes, and they were cautious too about the invincibility of the Nazi armies until the Soviet soldiers showed them otherwise. It is understandable also that men with a stake in empires would be hesitant, should want to ride out the storm, hold on as long as possible. But the issue is bigger than that—it involves the very meaning of democracy. It is a crisis in democracy itself.

For what is the use of silver-dollar language about democracy when what faces us is to implement the democratic will of the overwhelming majority of the American and British peoples?

Do the majority of Englishmen favor a second front: yes, they who will really take the risks, they whose flesh and blood is at stake have repeatedly demanded the opening of a front. Then under what interpretation of democracy does a handful of Tories in the 1922 Committee hold back an entire people from action?

Are Americans everywhere in favor of a second front? Yes, by the most pragmatic of American tests, by the figures of the Gallup poll last week, forty-eight percent believe that a front must be opened now. Then by what interpretation of democracy can a second front still be debated, still be talked about as a luxury, still be argued in the face of the will of the nation?

Democracy is not a word in a dictionary. In times of war above all, democracy is the living action of the millions. It is the instinctive good sense, the instinctive moral conviction, it is the readiness of the masses to act on a course which they have arrived at through hard experience. Have we learned that defense does not pay? Yes, we learned it the hard way. Have we learned that the enemy will defeat us one by one? Yes, we learned that the hard way. Would it be nice to wait until a year from now, two years from now? *Yes, it would be nice, but it wouldn't be war.* Shall we adhere to the neat, easy-going calendar, already outmoded, and be defeated, or shall we face up to the ruthless timetable our enemies have imposed upon us—in this there is no freedom of choice, there is only the freedom of recognizing the war's brutal necessity. And whereas failure to open up the second front leads to demoralization and defeat, opening a front leads to the vast release of the peoples creative energies. If the essentials of leadership are provided, said the *Herald Tribune* last week then "there is no demand which that leadership can make which the people will not be ready to fulfill whatever the risks or losses."

NEW MASSES believes that at such a grave and critical hour both panic and complacency are out of order. We do not judge our course by the headlines nor are we impressed by the line which a few correspondents are getting from questionable sources in London. Last week they said there would be no second front; this week the matter is evidently being "reconsidered." But we do say that the time for gentle words, sweet-reasoned argument, and discussion is over. The case for the second front was closed with the President's and Mr. Churchill's communique after Molotov's visit. But it has been made amply clear that the voice of the millions who are convinced and ready for action—the democratic voice of the people—has got to make itself heard, for only this voice can end the hesitations, and dispel the confusions in the nation at large. Our Commander-in-Chief made a pledge—not to the Soviet Union—but to the American people. It is unthinkable that this pledge was made with anything but the most serious intentions. But to end the delay, the pledge must be echoed and re-echoed by the people themselves.

The great CIO rally in New York on July 22 showed the way. It was proof that national unity can be strengthened, where labor takes the leadership in articulating what is on the minds of millions. It is proof that all national forces are available, once labor takes the initiative, to realize the indispensable policies of this crucial hour.

AUGUST is already at hand. It is late. But not too late to raise our voices, to isolate the defeatists in all their forms, to discharge the supreme responsibility which is America's for the sake of all peoples, the American people above all.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

HOW STRONG IS HITLER TODAY?

An estimate of the men and materiel now engaged on the Eastern Front. If Hitler achieves his objectives in this campaign, he can throw 200 divisions against Britain.

As THE popular clamor for the immediate opening of a second front in Europe reaches gale proportions in England and continues to rise in the United States, it is important to try and appraise the *moment militaire,* to understand why it is time to strike now. And by "now" I do not necessarily mean tomorrow morning or even next week; by "now" I mean *before the Red Army has been forced to commit its strategic reserve to the battle of the Don-Volga.*

At this writing (July 19) the big German offensive has been going on for four weeks. To get a certain picture of the German effort and the results attained, we should compare the progress of German armies in the first four weeks of the first year of the war and the first four weeks of the second year.

This was the situation in 1941:

By the end of the fourth week of the war the German armies had reached the vicinity of Dorogubuzh on the central front—a march of 450 miles. On the Leningrad front they were at Kingissep, Porkhov, and Nevel—a march of 350 miles on the average. Along the operational direction Lvov-Kiev-Kharkov, they had reached Zhitomir—a march of 300 miles counting from the San and 200 miles counting from the Bug.

After four weeks of sustained offensive this year the Germans, instead of advancing on three major fronts, as shown above, are advancing only in one sector, i.e., instead of attacking on a front of roughly 1,200 miles they are now attacking on a front of some 250 miles (this will probably be 300 miles by the time this reaches the reader because it is to be expected that the Germans will attack around Taganrog before long). Thus we see that the scope of the effort has been reduced "in width" approximately four or five times.

But what about the results of the thrust "in depth"—what about the penetration?

The greatest penetration—and this only along the line Kupyansk-Boguchar—is a little less than 150 miles. Along the line Kursk-Voronezh it is 100 miles. On the line Lisichansk-Millerovo it is about 130 miles, and along the northern fringe of the Donbas (Kramatorskaya-Voroshilovgrad) it is barely 100 miles. Every indication points to the fact that Stalino was never liberated from the Germans during the winter offensive, and Stalino is only 100 miles west of the railroad Rostov-Voronezh.

In other words, four weeks of all-out offensive have produced on the average a penetration three times less in depth and on a front four times less wide than last year. *This means that in square mileage of territory gained, the result of the German offensive is twelve times less effective* (about 20,000 square miles against some 240,000 square miles gained between June 22 and July 22 of last year). So much for mileage and average speeds which can be calculated from the above data by anybody familiar with simple division. Suffice it to say that *the rate of progress of the German Army is about three times less than last year at this time, on the average.*

BUT space and territory are not a complete yardstick of military success or failure.

It has been announced that between May 15 and July 15, i.e., between the start of the Kerch battle and the capture of Millerovo, the Germans had lost nearly 1,000,000 men. During the first eight weeks of the war last year, according to the same Soviet sources, they had lost about 2,000,000 men. Double the amount of men on a front four times longer. In other words *the rate of German losses per mile of front is double that of last year, at the same time.*

At the same time the Red Army has lost twice less men in killed, wounded, and missing during the two-month period this year as compared with the two-month period of last year. The rate for both sides is the same.

The Germans, on the other hand, have lost twice less tanks this year, less than twice less planes, and five times less guns. The Red Army has lost six times less tanks, three times less planes, and about four times less guns than during the equivalent period last year. As a whole, the German "edge" on the Red Army has been reduced by about 500,000 men, 2,000 tanks, and 1,500 planes. The losses in artillery guns were about equal.

What does the reduction of German numerical superiority in manpower by 500,000 men mean? What are the human reserves available to both sides?

The Veteran Commander in the *Daily Worker* has pointed out that the human pool available for mobilization by the Germans is about 24,000,000 men, including Germans mobilized at the rate of twenty percent of the population and replaced by 8,000,000 from forced labor from the conquered countries, plus satellite troops, mobilized at the rate of ten percent in the countries military allied to Germany. Of this pool some 8,000,000 have been killed, captured (comparatively few captured), and *permanently* incapacitated (about 2,500,000 having probably been returned to the ranks after being wounded). This leaves to the Axis a total manpower reserve of about 16,000,000.

After deduction of about 4,000,000 permanent casualties, including the last figures on losses, the Soviet High Command probably disposes of about 10,000,000 (or a little less) for operations on the Eastern Front.

One cannot estimate the number of divisions in actual combat today, but it is plausible to suppose that the Germans, using about 100 divisions south of Kursk, must have about 300 divisions in action against probably 200 Soviet divisions engaged. This is calculated on the basis of a German 3:2 numerical superiority.

Both sides, probably, have one quarter of their total divisions in strategic reserve, i.e., the Germans about 100 such divisions, while the Soviet High Command has about seventy divisions tucked away for future use. It would seem from the violence of von Bock's onslaught that he has wangled some of those reserves from Hitler or Brauchitsch, or whoever runs the Nazi *Wehr*-show at present.

MAJOR ELIOT in the *Herald Tribune* (July 18) estimated the number of divisions available to both sides: the Germans, he said, have from 270 to 290 divisions available for the Russian campaign, of which about 100 divisions are kept back as a striking force, or strategic reserve; the Red Army has somewhere in the neighborhood of 250 divisions "stronger in manpower, but inferior in equipment," of which some seventy divisions are being kept in strategic reserve. I disagree somewhat with the major in his absolute and relative figures and have shown why. I further disagree with him in his evaluation of Soviet divisions. These are normally of 18,000 men as compared with the German division of 15,000; in this respect they are "stronger in manpower," but the major's inference that the Russians have more men than the Nazis is incorrect. Furthermore the Soviet High Command will hardly send into battle a division which is equipped less well than the enemy. No doubt they have less tanks, planes, etc. (*not* guns, though) than the Germans: because of that, they have less divisions (just as I said), but what they have and use

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

WHAT BRITAIN REALLY THINKS ABOUT THE SECOND FRONT

London (by cable)

ALL political and industrial activity is overshadowed by the news on the Eastern Front and the urgency for speeding up the second front to which the government is pledged. The atmosphere here is very different from that which prevailed after Tobruk. Then alarm was mixed with a certain amount of cynicism and a certain doubt whether North Africa was, in any case, a principal front. Now the population fully grasps the fact that the battles west of the Volga are the decisive battles of the world. The feeling is rising rapidly. Not the feeling for aid to the Soviet Union—for that could not have been higher—but the realization of the need for opening a second front as the sole means to retrieve a situation which is equally perilous for all the Allies.

It has been stated here that certain American newspaper correspondents, for reasons best known to themselves, took the opportunity of a recent visit to Colonel Donovan to suggest to him for the President's benefit, that only Communists and Lord Beaverbrook, in Britain, favored the immediate opening of the second front. The news of these suggestions is causing considerable indignation among those who are aware that this travesty on British opinion has been relayed to America by the correspondents concerned. It is patently absurd to suggest that the British people are not enthusiastically behind the second front when all up and down the country, at factory meetings and in soldiers' camps, the demand for the second front is being furiously voiced by the vast majority of the population. Maybe those correspondents who have suggested that Britain is unenthusiastic and unappreciative of the issues at stake are those who are customarily incapable of appreciating any political developments outside the doors of the Savoy.

THE position in reality is this: following the agreement to open the second front, the British public assumed that the government entirely intended to carry out the obligation it had assumed. The public was thereby reassured. The public was prepared to accept secrecy on a large number of details.

True, there is only one way in which an immediate political crisis is possible in Britain—if the public believed that the government and the military authorities were insincere about their obligation to open the second front. In that case, there would be an upheaval and a political crisis of the sharpest character. On the other hand, it is obvious that all previous attempts to overthrow the Churchill government have been conducted by the extreme right. These attempts have been directed not toward opening the second front or for the effective prosecution of the war, but the opposite. It is obviously impossible to apply at this crucial moment the sanction which could be applied at other times. Nothing which would reduce production can be attempted. Nobody would wish to attempt it except those who, for one reason or another, are engaged at this moment in a bitter campaign against Churchill, the Soviet government, and the Communist Party. The Trotskyists have come into the news this week. Their paper, *Socialist Appeal,* is campaigning for strikes in the coal fields, for the overthrow of the Churchill government, and against the Anglo-Soviet alliance. The Trotskyists are also declaring it impossible to open the second front on the grounds that the British leadership is totally incompetent and equipment is lacking.

THESE elements have been conducting their campaign for many months. They are able to do so only because of the absence of the *Daily Worker*. Months ago the government was warned of the degree to which these disruptive elements would be able to undermine productive activity in the factories and elsewhere if the constructive elements were strangled by the ban on their newspaper. At this point one can realize the significance and gravity—always remembering France—of this particular attitude toward the press. A representative of the Labor Party, namely Herbert Morrison, suppressed the *Daily Worker*. He has failed to suppress the paper which is obviously in the service of the enemy. Through his police agents at the Home Office, he must be perfectly aware that local Trotskyists are paid and organized by fascist backers. Yet the British Home Secretary who acted so briskly against the Communist paper does not act against the Nazi sheet. This is no trivial matter: it reveals an attitude on the part of the Home Office which throws considerable light on the real activities and real balance of power in at least one government department.

All this would be unimportant, were it not for the fact that the real battle to squeeze every possible hour out of available time for a second front depends above all on

A BRITISH TRIBUTE TO THE RED ARMY

"Writing a New Chapter" — Vichy in the London News Chronicle

—BUT WHERE IS THAT SECOND FRONT?

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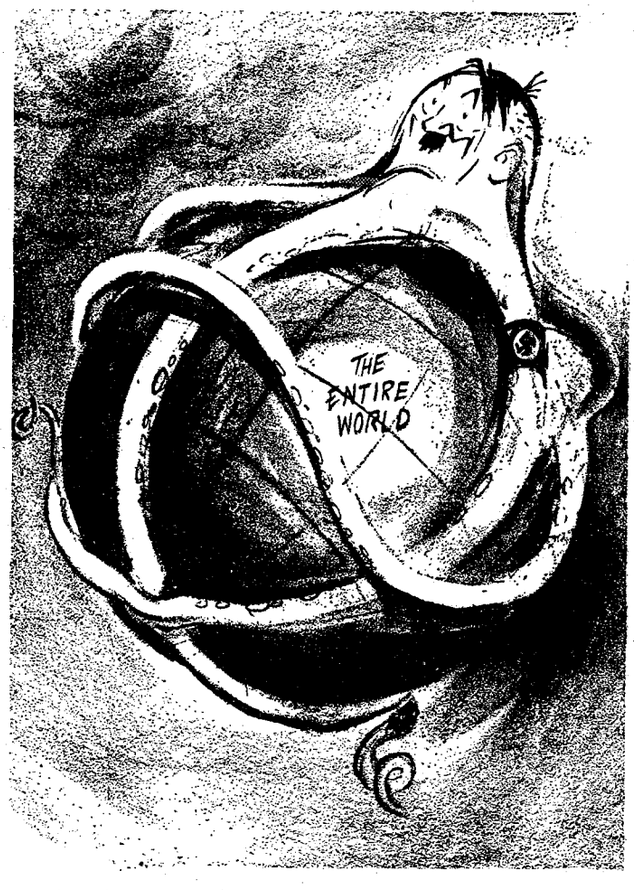
tightening up activity in the factories. It's a measure of the desperation of enemy activity here that Trotskyites should be conducting an anti-Soviet, pro-strike, anti-government campaign at this moment. If this scum were investigated it would probably be found that among any ten of them there would be three active enemy agents, four provocateurs, and the remainder police inspectors keeping an eye on things. This is the lowest dregs of politics, but do not imagine that there is no significance in the fact that these people should suddenly push themselves to the fore at a moment when activity in the factories is an absolutely crucial element in the organization of an immediate second front. Every delay and sabotage organized by these individuals is seized upon by their unacknowledged allies on the extreme right who thankfully accept this activity as the other half of their own pincer attack.

It is to be expected that the government will take action immediately to strangle this type of Nazi activity—which, oddly enough, is defended and justified this week by Mr. Aneurin Bevan in a freely distributed issue of his paper, the *Tribune*. It is also to be expected that all demands of those workers in industry who for months have been pressing for a closer coordination of shop stewards' demands and general directives of management, will be accomplished. Certainly it is true that the atmosphere here grows more tense every day as people look to the government for fulfillment of the second front pledge. In this connection I may say that a story is being spread—doubtless by utterly irresponsible people—to the effect that US General Marshall is now the leader of those who do not want any big action in the West until some "foolproof" offensive can be launched next year. Naturally these same persons suggest that there are individuals in the United States who, following the line of Pershing in 1917 and the early days of 1918, are averse to permitting full action of American forces unless and until those forces reach a size which justify total command by an American general. Probably it is absurd to attribute any such consideration to American military men. Nevertheless, it is inevitable that this kind of whispering should go on as long as Britain and America fail to open a second front, and I have no doubt that similar whisperings against British generals and others are going on in America. If the British people believe that American influences are actually delaying a second front in the hope that the Russians will hold out for the rest of the summer and winter, that is something which can only be cured by action.

There is nothing here that can't be cured immediately by action — even the curiously headachy statements, hints, and innuendoes which certain government spokesmen have been making—or are alleged to have been making—to American correspondents in particular. And action can cure some other things. For example, as I have repeatedly pointed out, there are forces which, without any direct political sabotage in mind, are nevertheless prepared to try to influence the government, which has agreed to an immediate opening of the second front, to delay this opening until such time as every military pundit is ready to agree that everything is necessary.

There are also those actively and consciously seeking to reverse the decisions reached by the government at the time of Molotov's visit. These will seek to use the grave situation between the Don and the Volga as reason for not acting wholeheartedly, just as they did following Tobruk. I believe the attitude of the American people and press demanding fulfillment of the second front pledge has already proved useful here. Outspoken comment in the United States cannot fail to reinforce the government and its supporters. Within the last week the latter have been insisting more urgently than ever before—through the columns of the *News Chronicle* and *Daily Herald*—that the government has reason for fear only if it fails to carry out those obligations for a second front.

HOW AMERICANS SEE THE WAR



"His idea of living room" — Werner in the *Chicago Sun*

"All in the same boat" — Carlisle in the New York *Herald Tribune*

—BUT WHERE IS THAT SECOND FRONT?

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POLAND'S RAGING UNDERGROUND

Everywhere the country's heroic guerrilla fighters obstruct the "new order." Sabotaging factory equipment. The secret newspapers — how they are produced and distributed. A remarkable meeting of delegates from 2,000 democratic groups.

FOR months after the termination of the Polish military campaign, the outside world heard only about the persecutions instituted by the Germans against the Poles, the confiscations and expropriations, the expulsions and deportations of Polish and Jewish populations. The world was being given its first taste of the Nazi "new order." All the resistance of defeated Poland seemed to be crushed; the entire population appeared helpless in the face of brute force. But slowly the outside world learned about various activities, of people fighting against their new masters. It was hardly possible to determine the origin of these reports. Almost from nowhere came the news that a powerful underground movement had developed in Nazi-occupied Poland, accompanied by numerous acts of sabotage. . . .

Immediately after the completion of the Polish campaign and the occupation of the country by Nazi Germany, thousands of former Polish soldiers hid in the woods and began their guerrilla warfare. The Germans were constantly combing the forests, but most of the time they could not discover the hiding place of the Polish guerrillas, who enjoyed the support and the refuge of the entire population. These units repeatedly attacked Nazi outposts and thus forced the German high command to maintain a large army of occupation in Poland. . . .

ONE of the most important means of civilian resistance was industrial sabotage. Factories in Poland were forced to operate for the benefit of the German war machine, and most of their workers were kept on. These men developed various tactics to retard or prevent production. One method was direct sabotage of factory equipment. A Polish writer who had worked in a commandeered factory and had escaped from Warsaw by the middle of 1940 reported that a machine needed repairs ten times as frequently in six months as had been necessary in a year under Polish control. . . .

The Poles have now returned to the forms of underground fighting that were so frequently used by them under czarist Russia. While, of course, very little news about these activities is available from German newspapers, the constant clamor against Polish "bands of assassins" shows how widespread the sabotage activities are and to what extent the old Polish underground tactics have been revived.

The essential differences between the former and present-day underground activities seem to be a greater centralization of authority and a well planned movement throughout the country. The Polish government-in-exile has its representatives in Poland, and as far as is feasible, all the underground groups are coordinated and directed by central authorities. A few examples of such coordination can be given here.

Before Sept. 1, 1940, the first anniversary of the outbreak of the war, all the underground newspapers printed an appeal from the Polish government-in-exile calling upon the population to abstain from attending, on September 1, all places of entertainment, movies, theaters, etc. The population was asked not to buy any newspapers published by the Nazis and to remain at home from four to six o'clock in the afternoon.

On Sept. 1, 1940, great Nazi parades were held in Poland. Nazi soldiers marched and sang German patriotic songs, but not a Pole or a Jew was to be seen on the streets. All entertainment places were open but empty. Suddenly, at six o'clock, thousands of Poles and Jews appeared in the streets and began to walk toward patriotic monuments or cemeteries to honor their dead. In Warsaw a considerable number of people streamed toward the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and other national and patriotic monuments. Immediately these monuments were covered by great masses of red and white flowers. . . .

The ubiquitous Gestapo has been baffled by the equally ubiquitous underground press. Occasionally German secret agents discover a printing press, ink and paper supplies, a short-wave receiving set and men in a cellar. But the sheet soon pops up somewhere else. It prints forbidden news, editorials, and satires. It gives information about the lot of the missing and the revenge taken, and reviews acts of sabotage and their outcome. Naturally it has no established headquarters. Very few of the illegal newspapers in Poland have been discovered, but when the press of the *Dziennik Polski* ("Polish Daily") was found in Warsaw, 170 people were arrested and 120 of them shot. However, this did not decrease the number of illegal newspapers. On the contrary, since then they have considerably increased their circulation. . . .

Every step in underground work is extremely dangerous, from obtaining presses, ink, and paper, to writing, editing, and distributing the finished product. All sorts of controls have been adopted by the Germans to ascertain the destination of every scrap of paper and every bit of printing ink sold in Poland. Yet, despite these strict controls and the continuous searches by the Gestapo, publications by the hundreds continue to circulate. Some are no bigger than a post card; some are almost regular newspaper size.

Because of the difficulties of obtaining paper and the danger of arrest, circulation presents quite a problem. The most popular system of distribution is that in which each member of the editorial staff gives copies to a number of his most trusted friends. Each of these in turn hands his copy on to other trusted acquaintances. . . .

The underground press keeps the people well informed on happenings in Poland and throughout the world. The efficient work of this news service can be seen by a comparison of the dates of international events with the dates on which they are reported in the illegal papers. Day and night, a staff of linguists listens to news broadcasts emanating from the Allied countries. They in turn translate these news items into Polish and send them to the hundreds of basements, cellars, and barns which usually serve as the offices of the underground press. . . .

At the beginning of 1941 representatives of most of the Polish underground organizations met "somewhere in Poland." Over 2,000 groups of workers, peasants, and intellectuals from all parts of the country sent delegates to a convention which gave expression to the resolute and united will of all Polish democratic forces. The meeting instructed the leadership of the movement to bring its resolution before the public opinion of the world as an expression of the aspirations and ideals of

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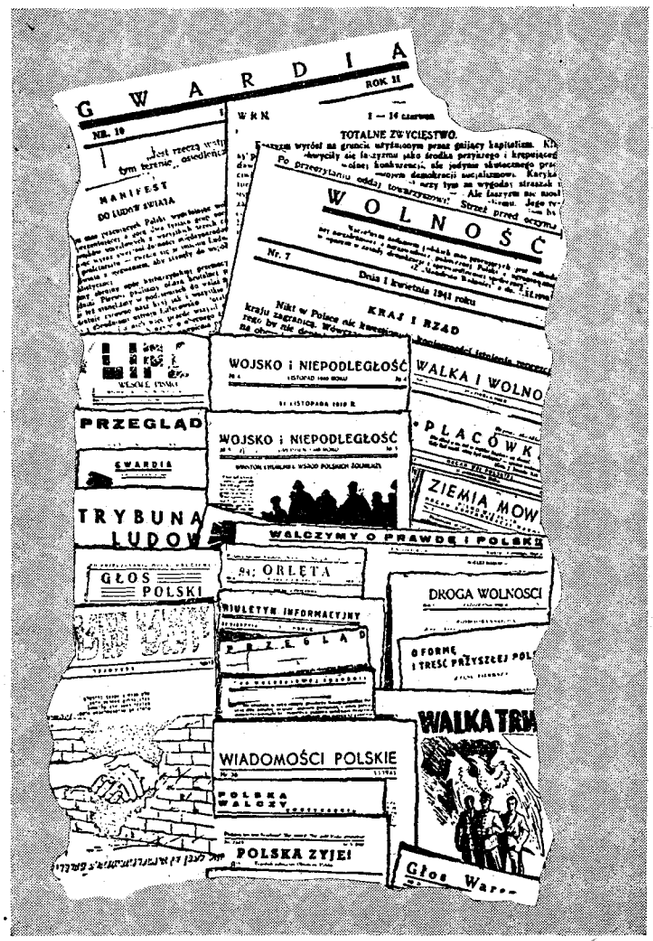

The front pages of Poland's underground press.

fighting Poland. This statement, called "Manifesto to the Peoples of the World," reached the United States after an incredible journey of many months across war-infested Europe.

The "Manifesto to the Peoples of the World" reflects the fighting spirit of the Polish working masses. It reviews the military campaign of September 1939 and describes the arbitrary, cruel regime established by the Nazis after the Polish defeat. In condemns the ghetto system and the persecution of Jews, the deliberate extermination of the people, and the systematic destruction of the country's economic life. It denounces the theory of a *Herrenvolk* (master race) and the discrimination against Poles and Jews, who are considered "inferior races." Finally, the "Manifesto" expresses the hope that the cause of the Allies will ultimately be victorious and that a new Europe based on freedom and justice of peoples will be established. . . .

The fact that representatives of over 2,000 illegal democratic groups could meet under the noses of the Gestapo and that such a document could be accepted and thousands of copies distributed throughout Poland at the risk of life for every distributor and every reader, shows the spirit of the Polish nation and the extent of hatred against the Nazi invaders.

The slogan accepted by the Polish democratic underground movement, "For Your Freedom and Ours," is the old battle-cry of the Polish insurrections against czarist oppression. It shows the renewed fighting spirit and vigor of the Polish democratic forces.

All the underground newspapers do not represent the working and peasant masses of Poland. The followers of the pre-war regime and nationalist groups also publish illegal papers calling for resistance against the Nazis and for a future independent Poland. But these papers seem to meet with relatively little popular response. The democratic press is decidedly the more important and more widely read by the majority of the Polish people. This press has completely dissociated itself from the pre-war Polish regime and condemned without reservation all totalitarian and anti-Semitic tendencies.

In this respect it is very significant that a proclamation was circulated throughout the country protesting against the establishment of the ghetto in Warsaw. The proclamation was jointly published by the major groups in the Polish underground labor movement. In it, the solidarity of interest of the working people of all nationalities living in Poland was solemnly proclaimed. The Polish workers declared that the establishment of the ghetto was directed not only against the Jews but against the Polish working masses as well. They also said that by the establishment of the ghetto the Nazis were seeking to separate the working people of the various nationalities and attempting to divert the hatred of the Poles from the occupation authorities to the Jews. . . .

SECRET papers also appear in the Warsaw and other ghettos. Jewish workers issue periodicals in Yiddish and sometimes in Polish. The Yiddish periodicals are *The Bulletin,* published fortnightly, and *The Voice of Youth,* published monthly. The December 1940 issue of *The Voice of Youth* had on its front page a sketch of two hands clasped in a cordial handshake through a broken ghetto wall; one hand symbolizing the Polish, the other the Jewish working people, who through their common effort and friendship have broken the ghetto walls erected by the Nazis. The Jewish underground groups also publish a newspaper in Polish called *For Your Freedom and Ours.* . . .

In spite of the fact that publishers and distributors of illegal papers are liable to the death penalty, the underground press is constantly being extended. The Gestapo agents very rarely succeed in discovering illegal publications and printing presses. However, from time to time the German papers report trials of members of Polish illegal organizations which publish newspapers. Invariably all those connected with the publication of an illegal paper are executed.

The printing machines are hidden in the forests and other remote places and are frequently moved from one place to another. It was reported that the Nazis attempted to spread confusion by distributing pseudo-illegal newspapers on market days, especially among peasants, and then arresting all who accepted them. In Lublin an agent spread news issued by the British Broadcasting Co. and then gave the Gestapo the names of the recipients. Although 300 people were arrested and many of them were shot, their deaths were quickly avenged, for the Gestapo agent was found slain soon after.

There are also several secret anti-fascist broadcasting stations which send out news picked up from foreign broadcasts, such as those made by the British Broadcasting Co. and the American short-wave stations. Polish leaders in exile often address their countrymen over the BBC, and in defiance of the death penalty, large sections of the Polish and Jewish populations systematically listen to them. There is ample evidence that the broadcasts from London and the United States are heard by thousands and known throughout the country. The Gestapo is constantly searching for the illegal stations, but when one is discovered, another is soon heard from.

Poles have a long tradition of underground activities, and it has been practically impossible for the Gestapo to cope with the situation. It has therefore retaliated through collective responsibility, shooting of hostages, and other ruthless forms of repression. But this does not deter the Poles. Their movement has maintained constant relations with the outside world and especially with the Polish government-in-exile. One of the methods by which the Polish government in London receives information from occupied Poland is through couriers and messengers, who cross the German frontier at the risk of their lives. We know of instances where people living in neutral countries went back to Poland to place themselves at the disposal of the underground movement because they were needed

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there. Naturally, this requires the highest type of idealism, courage, and willingness to sacrifice one's life for the cause.

Many instances of the exceptional heroism of these couriers could be cited. One was captured by the Gestapo on his way back to Poland after delivering dispatches to the government-in-exile. He had no chance to commit suicide. In spite of the cruelty of the Gestapo, no secrets could be tortured out of him. Fortunately for this man, a secret organization effected his escape from the concentration camp in which he was interned. Often couriers or other workers of the underground movement can be rescued because of the corruption of the Gestapo agents in Poland. We know of an instance in which very compromising documents were found on one of the most important leaders of the underground movement in Poland. For a considerable amount of money this leader was not only released but permitted to escape abroad.

Many death penalties have been imposed in the German-annexed area for arson and resistance to the police, and dissemination of news picked up from foreign broadcasts. In the annexed areas of Poland, arson has become one of the principal weapons against the Nazis. A Polish newspaper controlled by the Nazis reported that in one district alone there were 170 fires in one year. The official German newspaper in Krakow, *Krakauer Zeitung,* reported a fire due to sabotage which caused 60,000 zlotys' damage. Because of continued sabotage, the Nazis formed a special police corps in Warsaw to protect water pipes, railway tracks, street cars, electric cables, and plants operating for public utilities.

The whole story of the underground movement cannot as yet be told. Suffice it to say that there are thousands upon thousands of people, Poles as well as Jews, who are active in the movement. . . . In the first few months after the occupation, various groups sprang up spontaneously without any plan or direction. Many of these groups were therefore trapped by the Gestapo. Since then, however, an almost perfect system has been organized by the people who have had much experience in conspiratorial and secret work. The underground press in Poland is the main instrument of expression of the underground movement and is better developed than the secret press in any other German-occupied country. It is rather significant that the illegal newspapers, especially since the middle of 1941, have been concerned not only with the present but have been thinking of and educating the people for the future. At practically all the meetings of the committees of the underground movement, questions relating to the future Poland are discussed.

The underground movement also has considerable influence in the democratization of the Polish government-in-exile. While reactionary secret newspapers are also being published in Poland, the overwhelming tendency of the underground movement and the illegal press is toward democracy and greater social justice. A sincere desire to break with the pre-war totalitarian Polish regime is prevalent in the papers. The underground movement also seems to be aware of the fact that the anti-Jewish policies of previous regimes weakened the nation, and they have energetically rejected anti-Semitism in the future Poland. If the spirit of the present leaders of the underground movement and of the papers published by them should prevail in the future Poland, it will be one of the most progressive democracies in the world. The underground movement has been fighting one of the most glorious battles for a future great and democratic Poland, united with other freedom-loving peoples. It is writing one of the greatest pages in Polish and human history.

SIMON SEGAL.

The above is excerpted from Dr. Segal's book "The New Order in Poland," just published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Nazi execution of a group of fighting Poles. Others are digging their own graves before being sent to the firing squad.

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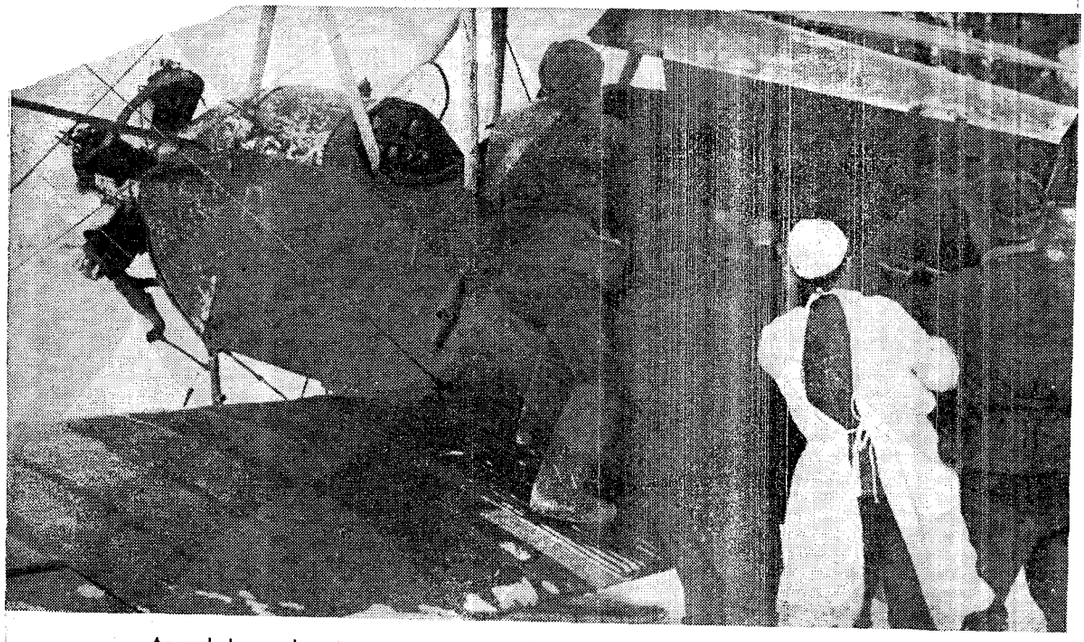

An ambulance plane transporting a wounded Red Army man to a base hospital.

GUERRILLA DOCTOR

A Soviet MD tells the story of his work behind the Nazi lines.

Moscow (by cable).

"NEXT, please!" The door of the "dispensary" opens and a woman with an infant in her arms appears on threshold. "Look at my daughter, doctor," she says. "She is restless and cries much."

I take the child and while examining her try to recall lectures on child diseases. Then I see—the girl's lower gum is swollen. "She is teething." I calm the mother.

"Next!" A boy about twelve displays a finger with a festering sore. I cut the sore open and bandage the finger.

At first glance it might seem an ordinary reception room in a rural dispensary. But why is the doctor without his white smock? Why are these hand grenades alongside the portable medicine kit on the window sill? Why this rifle in the corner of the room, these bullet-holes in the window-panes? Very simple. Because I, a doctor serving with a partisan detachment, am receiving patients in a village in the enemy rear where the detachment halted for twenty-four hours.

An old man walks into the "reception room" and, squeezing my hand, shifts his glance to the weapons, respectfully regarding now the grenades, now the rifle and pistol.

"What ails you, father?" I ask. The answer no longer surprises me as it once did: "I am quite well, son. Just stepped in to have a talk. How are things at the front? How soon will the accursed Hitlerites be driven from our land?"

I tell the old man about the situation at the fronts. And so in every village, wherever our detachment stopped for some time, we either organized a "dispensary" service or visited the sick in their homes.

The Nazi barbarians destroyed all the rural and district hospitals, leaving the population without medical aid. Lice-infested German troops spread typhus, typhoid fever—diseases unknown there since the civil war. At times we had to leave our wounded in the care of other partisan detachments while our own was detailed for prolonged operations elsewhere. Wherever our detachment stopped villagers brought us food and clothing for our wounded. In the village of——a middle-aged woman even brewed a special kind of *kvas* for the wounded, which, according to her, was a cure for every sickness. These are a few examples of the love and esteem which the partisan avengers enjoy among the population in the Soviet districts, temporarily occupied by the enemy.

I CAME to the partisan detachments straight from my university, the professors' lectures still fresh in my memory, and I had visualized my medical work as part of the ordinary hospital routine. But life soon taught me better. I recall the first steps in my career. One group from the detachment left for military operations. I remained in camp. At about six PM one of the partisans galloped up on horseback, shouting to me, "Commander and 'Uncle Mischa' are wounded! Get ready - they will be here soon." I confess I was quite worried. What would I do if an operation were necessary? There was no operation room, no assistants, or adequate sterilized bandaging materials. And suppose a complex operation were required? While waiting for the wounded I heated water, sterilized the necessary instruments, and spread my trench coat on the ground. I was particularly troubled by the fact that it was growing dark and there was no light except the flashlight.

Soon the wounded were brought in a cart. The commander was wounded in the left leg—a bullet from a small revolver or automatic rifle had lodged not very deep below the knee. I could easily feel it. There was no hemorrhage. Applying local anesthetics, I made a small incision, produced the bullet, and handing it to the commander, said, "You may keep it as a souvenir." It was worse with "Uncle Mischa." He was pale, with cold beads of perspiration on his face, his pulse frequent and weak. Passing under his right ribs, the bullet apparently touched the liver, diaphragm, and lung. Trying first to eliminate shock, I injected morphine and camphor, applied hot water bottles, and injected anti-tetanus serum. I spent all night near "Uncle Mischa," whose condition was rather serious. In ordinary hospital conditions an operation could have been performed, but not under these circumstances. I knew that a blood transfusion would be very helpful. But where was blood to be got, and how could the transfusion be made? "Boys!" I said to the partisans, "any of you have blood of the first group?" Some volunteers immediately responded, and I had to take their word for it. Not without some apprehension I took twenty grams of blood from one of them and injected it into Uncle Mischa. By morning his condition had improved and by evening of the next day he even asked for food.

Considerable hardships were caused by the fact that, particularly at the outset of our action in the enemy rear, we had no place to leave the wounded, so had to carry them with us. But strange as it may seem, the constant traveling in most varied conditions and weather—wind, rain, snow—hardly affected them. All of them, without exception, were nursed back to health, gained weight, and became perfectly fit.

I often wonder what I would have said if anyone had told me a year ago that one can successfully operate on a man in a dim hut with twenty-five people in a room fifteen meters square, and the wounded man perched on a log! In my work I firmly adhered to the medical rules taught me. When the war is over and Hitlerism finally destroyed, I will go to the clinics of my teachers, Stalin Prize-winner Spasokukotsky and Professor Rufanov, and say "Thank you. You taught me much. And there's much more I can learn."

BORIS MAGIDOV.

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STRATEGY FOR NOVEMBER

Standards by which to judge the candidates for Congress. What the primaries held thus far indicate. The place of labor on the ballot battlefront. Last in a series of articles by Bruce Minton.

Washington.

IN THE congressional elections a few months hence—and in the primaries which many states will hold within the next few weeks—nothing can be gained by setting unrealistic goals. The task ahead should be seen as an attempt to rid Congress of fifty or sixty of the worst defeatists. This would immensely encourage the majority, who support the war, and would greatly alter the activity of Congress. Such a change would give tremendous impetus to the war effort.

To achieve this shift in Congress will require much greater activity on the part of organized labor and on the part of all other groups anxious for a speedy victory over fascism. Unfortunately, the primaries already held saw the renomination of too many defeatists who opportunistically paid homage to the anti-Axis struggle, though in action they consistently undermined the war effort. Likewise, the light vote in most localities testified to the insufficient emphasis placed by win-the-war candidates on major issues.

There remains, however, the excellent prospect of eliminating some of the worst incumbents—among Republicans, Senators Brooks of Illinois and Lodge of Massachusetts, and Representatives Bishop and Wheat of Illinois, Pfeifer of New York, Mundt of South Dakota, Johns, Keefe and Thill of Wisconsin. A young liberal prosecuting attorney definitely threatens the defeatists and labor-baiting Clare Hoffman of Michigan. Though Will Rogers, Jr., has just been drafted, his friends announce their intention of pushing his candidacy against Leland Ford in southern California—with a real expectation of success.

Party allegiance, of course, cannot be the basis of judging a candidate. Among the Republicans in Congress there are active supporters of the government's policy like Joseph Clark Baldwin of New York and Welch of California. This does not imply that the remaining Republicans can be dismissed as defeatists. Fortunately only a few fall into that category. But as a whole the Republicans have gone little beyond the stage of voting war appropriations. Inadequate leadership and the habit of opposing anything and everything favored by the Roosevelt administration quite clearly has determined the attitude of most of them. So far, the vigorous example of the Wendell Willkie wing of the Republican Party has caused little perceptible shift among the incumbents.

In addition, despite the anti-isolationist resolution adopted last April by the Republican National Committee, many party bigwigs consistently fail to draw the full lesson from the reversal of the Landon-Hoover-Taft appeasement clique. Clarence B. Kelland, the committee's newly appointed executive director, declared that "It is not a party war; it is a national war," and then contradicted himself by announcing: "When political unity comes in at the door, human liberties go out the window. It is political unity that plunged this world into war." The House minority leader, Joseph Martin of Massachusetts, announced that he and his followers would "rather win the war and win it quickly, than win an election." But Martin did not carry this sentiment into practice: he urged his party in Congress to vote against every administration proposal except war appropriations. Thomas Dewey, influential Republican spokesman, still cannot bring himself to give unambiguous support to the war or to take firm issue with the unspeakable Hamilton Fish. Landon and Hoover go on repeating stale obstructionist formulas. As Wendell Willkie remarked, too many Republicans "would risk even national defeat in order to discomfit the party now in power. . . ." They are "imbued with partisanship which blinds them to all other considerations."

FOR their part, the Democrats have not purged their ranks of all appeasers. In New York the struggle to weed out the obstructionists is directed against such men as O'Leary, Barry, and Martin J. Kennedy; in Ohio, Sweeney (called by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* "one of Hitler's little helpers in Congress") is the main enemy; in Colorado, Senator Johnson; in Michigan, Rabaut, and Tenerowicz, Negro-baiter supported by the Ku Klux Klan; in Montana, O'Connor. Among Democrats there is the added problem of reactionary poll-taxers, who can be ousted only in the primaries. This special task must be achieved piecemeal; against those most vulnerable must be concentrated the strongest opposition. The fact that Martin Dies will be unopposed is a serious set-back; the fact that Howard Smith of Virginia is challenged by the AFL machinist official and former mayor of Alexandria, Emmett C. Davison, is of utmost significance. That Cox of Georgia and Woodrum of Virginia face considerable opposition in their districts is enormously encouraging to the entire South. Add to this the good prospect of defeating Senator O'Daniel of Texas. The political demise of even one influential poll-taxer can serve as a warning to the whole extremely sensitive clan.

Moreover, the country must be protected against candidates like the fascist Gerald L. K. Smith of Michigan and the anti-Semite Jacob Thorkelson of Montana. Positive action alone can return to office men with constructive records—such as Robert Ramspeck of Georgia, just appointed majority whip in the House, who has a difficult contest ahead of him now that the anti-New Dealers are out to knife him. Former Rep. Jerry O'Connell of Montana has defied the Wheeler machine in the western part of his state—his strong progressive voice should be heard again in Congress as it was heard against reaction and appeasement in 1937 and 1938. Each member of the win-the-war coalition who is reelected will mean a stronger, surer policy in the drive for victory over the Axis.

In particular, the forthright, courageous Vito Marcantonio of New York deserves at all costs to be returned to Washington. Representative Marcantonio has the proud record of fighting in the interests of the people, without lag, without wavering, providing essential leadership to the war effort. He resisted Munich and appeasement from the very first, supporting the people's struggles in China, Ethiopia, and Spain. He was the first congressman to urge the opening of a Western

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Front. He has uninterruptedly defended labor against attack; he has fought for civil liberties unremittingly. It was Marcantonio who most vigorously and continually struggled against the Dies committee. He of all the congressmen urged the freedom of Earl Browder. Marcantonio has championed the oppressed—the Negro people, the Puerto Rican and Cuban people, the Spanish and other anti-fascist refugees, the victims of discrimination and intolerance everywhere. Marcantonio is more than a leading House progressive: he is the outstanding advocate in Congress of the most vigorous prosecution of the people's anti-fascist war on every front, with every weapon and energy at the nation's command.

IN THE five southern states, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and North Carolina, voting in the primaries was particularly light. Except for the defeat of Rep. Luther Patrick of Alabama, who had a good war record, none of the results in the southern states was especially revealing. In Patrick's case, his vote in favor of the anti-strike bill lost him the sympathy of the labor movement. Patrick's attempt to mix his votes in such a way as to ingratiate himself both with the reactionaries and the majority of his constituents resulted in his falling heavily between two chairs. His defeat should serve as something of a warning to wavering congressmen. But the loss of Patrick is nevertheless unfortunate—his victorious opponent, John Newsome, is certainly no improvement and probably less liberal than Patrick. Most revealing in the Alabama fight was the manner in which John L. Lewis exploited Patrick's faulty labor record to defeat him—because Patrick took a forthright position in support of the war effort.

In a few primaries the defeatists were unable to stand up when openly challenged. James C. Oliver failed by a wide margin to win renomination in Maine; his opponent, Robert Hale, strongly supported the war. In South Dakota Sen. William J. Bulow, with a bad war record, was also dropped. Unfortunately this kind of challenge to the appeasers was made in too few communities.

The most interesting primaries, those held in Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, are worth a quick review:

Illinois. While the vote proved the smallest in twelve years, the Democrats outpolled the Republicans in the state by 100,000, three-fold in Chicago. The Democrats nominated for senator the progressive and victory-minded Representative McKeough, with an excellent record in the House. They defeated three Democratic incumbents who had shown consistent hostility toward labor. The Republicans by and large offered only appeaser candidates—the light Republican vote indicated that many party supporters refused to participate in the primaries because of the candidates they were asked to endorse. While attempting to use the anti-isolationist resolution of the Republican National Committee to cover up its true views, the Illinois Republican machine accepted the endorsement of the Coughlinites, the defeatist, "We, the Mothers," the appeasing Colonel McCormick and his Chicago *Tribune,* and the Bundists. Sen. C. Wayland Brooks, whose franking privileges were used by the Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck, managed to be renominated. Along with him, Rep. Stephen Day, friend of Gerald L. K. Smith, Pelley, and other fascists, was designated as Republican choice for congressman-at-large.

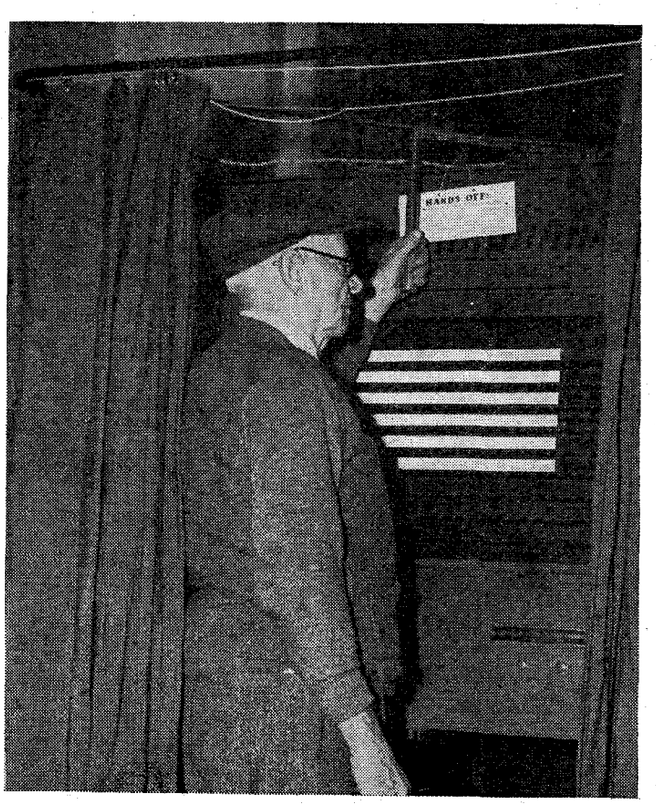
Nevertheless, the Democratic opponents of Brooks and Day received substantially greater votes. The CIO, except for the Lewis bureacracy, backed McKeough, Benjamin Adamowski, and other win-the-war candidates. Because of Day's vote against the Smith anti-strike bill, William Green and A. F. Whitney, of the Railroad Brotherhoods, made the mistake of supporting him solely on a mechanical reading of his voting record. Since the primary the AFL has withdrawn its support and all labor is backing McKeough and Adamowski. John L. Lewis proved a powerful ally of Brooks and Day and all other appeasers, helping to confuse by raising the false slogan, "Kelly-Nash Is Our Foe," inveighing against the administration, and ignoring the issues—or rather, misrepresenting them.

An encouraging aspect was the rallying of the Negro vote to win-the-war candidates, and the progressive position taken by the foreign-born and national groups. The main need in preparation for the elections is to present the central questions with extreme clarity—the question of defeatism vs. full support of the war.

Indiana. The incumbent William T. Schulte lost the Democratic nomination to Roy J. Madden. Both candidates took a win-the-war position, but Madden was more outspoken and militant. Madden can expect labor endorsement. Democratic nominees piled up a three-to-one majority over Republican adversaries, obstructionist in outlook. A prominent commentator remarked: "The defeatist policy of the Indiana Republicans was a millstone around the necks of their candidates."

Pennsylvania. Elmer J. Holland won a special election against a defeatist Republican to fill a vacancy in Congress. Holland has a genuinely progressive record. He ran on a platform to Smash Hitler in 1942, full support of the administration and the war effort.

Mostly because of the efforts of organized labor, Reps. Charles Faddis and Guy Moser, two of the worst reactionaries in Congress, were eliminated in the primaries. With the voluntary retirement of the die-hard Robert Rich, labor-baiter and defeatist, the Pennsylvania delegation in the coming Congress cannot but be improved. Primary voting was light—too light—but a considerable number of John L. Lewis henchmen worked to split the labor vote. Lewis hopes to aid the obstructionists in the November elections. The gubernatorial situation is not nearly so favorable. True, Sen. James J. Davis, with pronounced appeasement tendencies, was turned down for the Republican nomination, but his opponent, General T. Martin, is hardly an improvement. Since the Republicans outpolled the Democrats in the primary, it is clear that the win-the-war forces gathered around the Democratic candidate, Ross, have much work to do between now and November.



John Q. Public goes to the polls. The country's destiny is in his hand.

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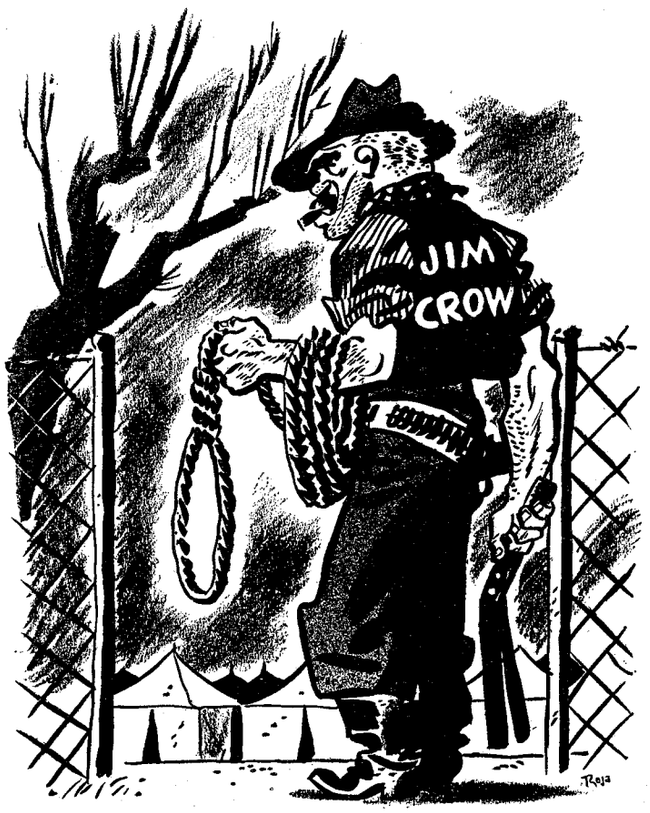
To cope with reaction, the win-the-war forces have first to achieve unity. To this end, organized labor can exercise important leadership. The national front for victory of necessity is rooted in an awakened people's desire for a speedy routing of the Axis, and in this national front labor plays a responsible role, just as it does in the race for maximum production.

Nationally the CIO has called for a Victory Congress, and AFL unions have passed resolutions urging a Congress that will press a Western Front and act decisively in support of the war. In the election campaign itself, the national offices of both the CIO and the AFL have remained too passive toward the election. But locally, the unions are on the job. In Virginia the AFL and CIO jointly support Emmett Davison's race against Howard Smith, cooperating with the growing small business and professional groups endorsing Davison. Together the AFL and CIO are fighting Senator Wheeler's attempt to prevent the progressive Senator Murray from gaining reelection in Montana. In California the CIO held a "Votes for Victory" conference in Fresno to support win-the-war candidates; it seems likely that the AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods will cooperate. In Illinois both the CIO and AFL are pledged to defeat Brooks and Day. In New York the CIO has seriously entered the campaign against the reactionary Dewey and Bennett; the Greater New York Industrial Council has glowingly endorsed Vito Marcantonio, and vigorously opposed O'Leary, Hall, Pfeifer, Barry (backed by the Christian Front), and Martin J. Kennedy, all of them with very poor records. The president of the New Jersey CIO council, Irving Abramson, is running for Congress. The Indiana appeaser Robert Grant is opposed by both the AFL and CIO. The automobile workers in Michigan are attempting to unite all progressive forces in and out of the labor movement behind candidates clearly devoted to the war effort. The Washington Commonwealth Federation is rallying the Northwest behind win-the-war aspirants for state and congressional offices.

Despite these actions, labor has still not fully mobilized its forces. The anti-Hitler elements are not yet unified, and with the defeatists giving lip service to the war, the campaign to expose them needs sharpening and broadening. While organized labor exercises a greater influence on the political stage than ever before in the history of America, it remains true that labor has not achieved its most effective unity on the political front. As yet, labor is inclined to approach politics too narrowly, often thinking in terms of limited economic problems rather than in the all-embracing terms of victory over the Axis. Today as never before the nation requires the full political participation of all the people. The unions have their responsible and decisive part to play.



News Story: Negro soldier murdered by police officers at Flagstaff, Ariz.

In this respect, John L. Lewis, leading labor appeaser, is quite conscious of the crucial character of the elections. He has managed to capture a section of Labor's Non-Partisan League, using the apparatus which once fought for labor's interests to throw a fake aura of "labor" endorsement over appeasers and pro-fascists. In a few places, however, in New Jersey and Connecticut, for example, Labor's Non-Partisan League is in the hands of win-the-war people who are utilizing it for the progressive objectives for which it was originally founded. In Illinois Lewis will undoubtedly attempt to elect Brooks and Day. He is not above deals with Coughlinites or flirtations with the Ku Klux Klan or working agreements with the Christian Front. Lewis has taken a definite political stand: the bona fide labor movement has the task of countering his betrayal with the strongest political opposition.

In addition the small, venomous Norman Thomas group of "Socialists" eagerly talks defeatism and negotiated peace. What slight influence these "Socialists" possess they throw into the service of Lewis, McCormick, and the Hearst-Patterson press. The Norman Thomasites, with their Trotskyist friends, have tried desperately to disrupt the pro-war program enunciated by the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota at its recent conference. To their chagrin, the Farmer-Labor Party went its way despite them, rebuilding political fences, welcoming Representative Coffee of Washington who made the keynote address, and adopting a unity program. This program greeted the Anglo-Soviet alliance and the US-Soviet pact, called for the opening of a Western Front, and pledged the party not to dissipate win-the-war strength by entering more than one Farmer-Labor candidate in crucial contests.

In striking contrast to the Socialist Party, the Communist Party pledges every energy without reservation to the war effort. The Communists have entered candidates in many states; the party lends all aid to strengthening national unity, to encouraging ever closer collaboration of the United Nations, to implementing the principles enunciated by the Roosevelt-Molotov-Churchill conversations and the resulting pacts. Certainly no party more clearly enunciates the people's stakes in the war. Certainly no party more tirelessly presses for the opening of the Western Front, for increasing production, for forwarding the vital interests of the people—workers, farmers, small business enterprisers, every class and group. The Communist campaign, with its emphasis on victory and on resolute action, on opening the Western Front without delay, on national unity in which every stratum of society and every minority, Negro and foreign-born, shall participate, crystallizes America's passionate and real desire for a speedy and complete victory.

Both the campaign and the results of election voting have a most important bearing on the war effort. Nor can the activity of the people cease with the casting of ballots. A good man voted into office and thereupon forgotten cannot be expected to perform his tasks effectively. He needs—and is entitled to—support and encouragement.

Recently thirty union delegates met in the ornate caucus room in the House office building to discuss with their congressmen the pending tax bill. The union men spoke for their brothers back home in western Pennsylvania, and for the miners, neighbors, and friends of those they represented. The

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gathering, carefully arranged by these delegates from the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers locals mightily impressed the congressmen. The legislators promised to support the people's tax program carefully outlined to them by the union spokesmen.

With labor expressing such political initiative, Congress will become increasingly conscious of the mass support to be expected by those who challenge reaction. Thus the unions can become focal points of political organization not only for their membership, but also for the people of their communities. The advantages are two-fold: organized political activity can assure quicker and more sympathetic response in Congress to the people's needs; in addition, it can prepare future election campaigns in which people's candidates can hope for success at the polls because they are backed by established organizations.

IN THE present House sit more than thirty men who have shown that they most clearly understand the implications and necessities of an anti-fascist war. Of this nucleus the following are most conspicuous: Marcantonio of New York, Eliot of Massachusetts, Fitzgerald and Kopplemann of Connecticut, McGranery, Sacks, Bradley, Scanlon, Weiss, and Wright of Pennsylvania, Folger of North Carolina, Dingell and Hook of Michigan, McKeough and Sabath of Illinois, Coffee and Hill of Washington. But aside from these forthright leaders, the House includes over twice as many win-the-war congressmen who may at times be unclear on how labor matters or farm issues affect the war program, but who nevertheless accept administration leadership and consciously strive to press the war effort to speedy victory. Between the win-the-war coalition and the defeatists are the "neutrals" who can be won by that camp which puts up the strongest fight for their allegiance. The weakness of the present war bloc in Congress has been the failure to win over sufficient numbers of the "neutrals." Yet, given the proper encouragement, the war coalition can easily dominate debate. With political perspectives clearly drawn by constituents, the win-the-war members can achieve greater cohesion among themselves and in turn develop shrewder strategy.

Just suppose the thirty-odd most alert anti-fascists had taken the floor in Congress during the past year to fight reaction at every turn. Just suppose during the OCD rumpus, they had pointed out clearly and loudly how the obstructionists undermine the morale of the country. Just suppose that Smith's anti-strike legislation had been met with the challenge: "Name one strike interfering with war production. Name one union not cooperating to the full degree with the war effort." What would have happened to Byrd and Tydings had their "economy" pleas been countered with explicit information of how they were plotting to limit and delay the fight against Hitler? But the war coalition held back—and the defeatists made hay. It is well these days to remember how much was accomplished even by the loosely organized liberal bloc in 1937 when during the Spanish war Marcantonio, Coffee, Maverick, O'Connell, Bernard, and others dramatized as well as discussed the anti-fascist struggle and successfully pushed reaction on to the defensive.

SO FAR, Congress has failed to satisfy the needs of America at war. The responsibility for congressional success or failure rests with the people who alone can see to it that Congress smashes the appeasers and prosecutes the war without surcease. And in this drive for victory, the elections are an important first step. Through the election campaign, national unity can be expanded. Congress can be made more sensitive to the will of the majority which today is pledged to the complete annihilation of the Axis and to the maintenance of a secure and free America.

BRUCE MINTON
(with the assistance of Charles Humboldt)

NEWS OF INDIA

This is an extract from the correspondence of NEW MASSES' *foreign editor with a friend in Scotland who follows Indian developments closely.*

I TAKE pen in hand to correct some misleading impressions I left with you in my last letter.

At that time it seemed clear that the mass movement in India was at a low level, that its leadership was in jail, underground, or otherwise immobilized. These impressions, which seemed valid two and a half months ago, are now shown by fresh evidence to have been *quite wrong* at the time they were uttered:

(1) The most dramatic evidence that has turned up is an address to the Indian people by the individuals imprisoned as a result of the raid on the Chittagong armories back in the Civil Disobedience Campaign of 1930-32. These men, who successfully seized the armories in Chittagong in an effort to take over the local government, were subsequently captured and put in jail where they have languished ever since. Yet in February 1942 they showed remarkable political consciousness in addressing an appeal to the Indian people to join the people's war against fascism and cooperate with the Chinese people, the Russian people, and the other democratic powers. In fact, they have asked to be released so that they may take arms against Japanese fascists.

(2) The Kisan Sabha, which is the Peasant Union, had a national executive committee meeting in February or March, in which it called upon the Indian people to join in a people's war against the fascist invader.

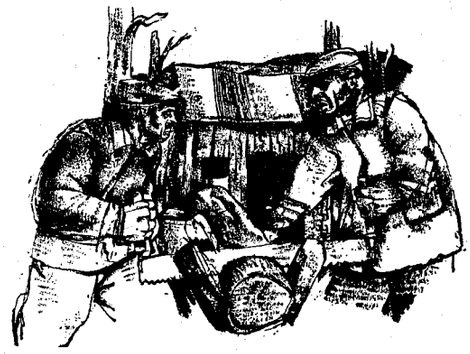
(3) Persons who were in India as late as the middle of April report that the radical students, youth, and Communist leaders are working with their customary assiduousness and indefatigability.

(4) There are distinct signs of mass activity in support of cooperation with China and Russia—parades, conferences of Friends of the Soviet Union.

(5) There is widespread agitation for release of political prisoners. Swami Sahajanand Saraswati, head of the National Kisan Sabha, erroneously reported to have died in jail two years ago, was released from jail at the end of March or early April, and is now active in politics again.

(6) Reliable sources are responsible for the following story. At the time of the Cripps Mission, Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, was asked why so many left wing Indians were kept in jail in view of their declarations that the main enemy was Japan rather than the British raj. In the only flash of Scottish humor manifested during his six-year sojourn in India, Lord L. replied: "Well and good. We'll release all who can prove themselves members of the Communist Party in good standing." This humorous incident reveals that the Indian government and the British War Cabinet—while not willing to grant the substance of political power to the Indians—are not entirely averse to permitting known and authentic radicals to rally the people against the Japanese.

June 30, 1942, H. V.
Edinburgh, Scotland.



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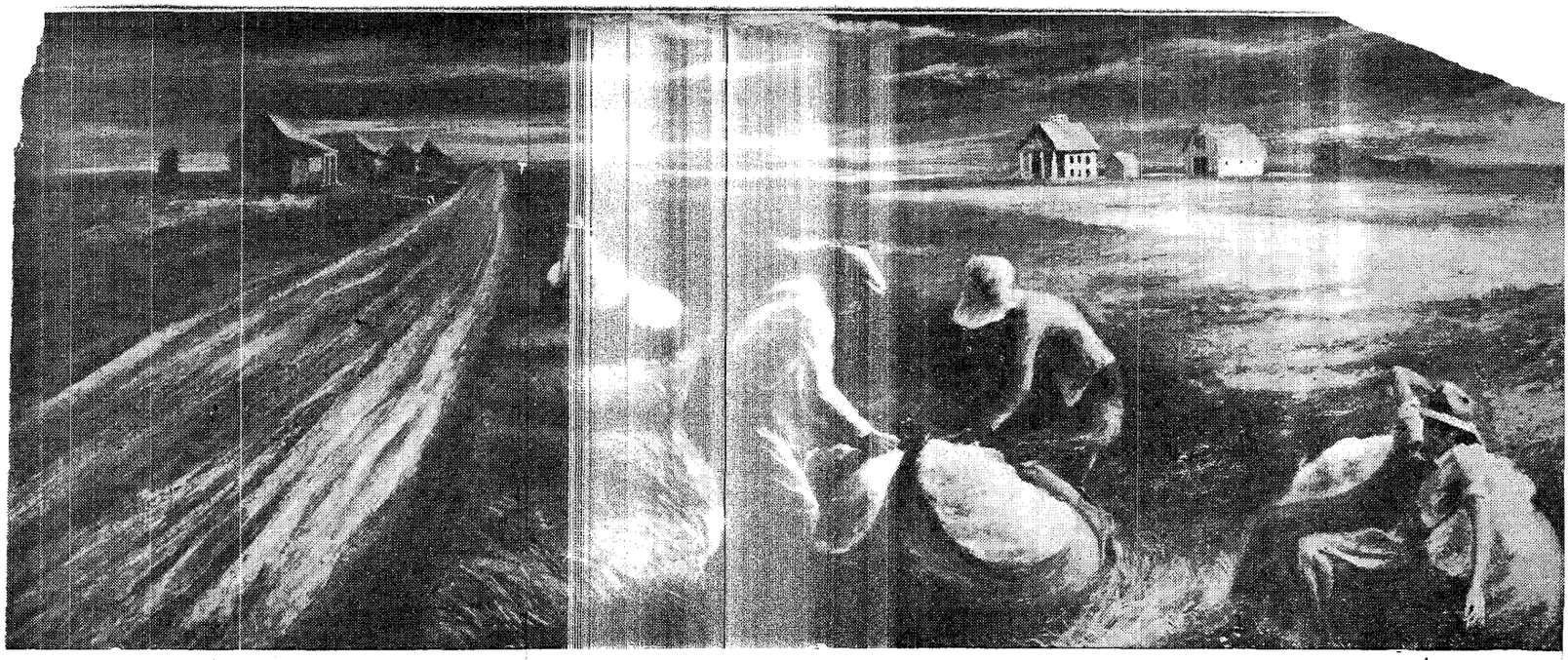

Arkansas Travelers

The story below is part of a recently completed novel dealing with Arkansas sharecroppers whose crisis in the last depression, aggravated by large-scale economic changes and dislocations on the cotton lands of the South, culminated in their organization into a union which later became part of the CIO. The author made two trips to Arkansas gathering material for the novel. She lived in the household of a sharecropper family—and traveled across state in a jaloppy similar to the remarkable vehicle referred to here, with a one-gallon gas tank somewhere under the hood with the engine!

The characters, Myrtle, Delbert, and Happy Roberts, are making their escape in the jaloppy from a union meeting which has been broken up by planters and vigilantes, led by a local sheriff. It had been the purpose of the planters' mob to stage a lynching. But Delbert, although not in the union, came to the Negro church where the meeting was in progress and warned the sharecropper leaders in time for them to get away. Finding its victims have eluded it, the mob burns down the church.

THEY jerked along without any light from the sky, in fear of the invisible in the deep gulf of night ahead, car, man, or hog in the road that might obstruct their progress with a sudden crash. Myrtle put her trust in Providence. And somehow, by the feel and the response of the old knocking pile of tin under him Happy held to the road. As she said, like Ben he could see in the dark. He could see a jigger's eye!

Presently, as the car swung around a curve, the dark-filled expanse of sky and landscape from the rear moved up ahead; a bright red glare that crept up higher and higher, toward the zenith, spread out like some immense and shocking stain along the lower edge of the horizon. A stain of blood. "O God! Look yonder, what they done! Burnin' it down—!"

"Happy, we got to go faster—!"

Sharp in the distance, they heard cries and shouts. The wind brought the sounds of a bacchanal of maddened men.

"I don't like to run this thing much over forty-five. Gets too hot." A minute more, Happy pulled up on the side of the road and got out.

"What is it now?"

"I got to have some lights. These lights ain't no good. Keep goin' down." They heard him groping and fumbling in the dark. "It's that battery wire, jumped off again. I don't wanta strike a match—"

"Give her some gas while you 'bout it."

The absolute sudden stillness was ominous. The clamor of voices no longer reached them, no longer was the red stain in sight above the skyline. The fire burning off there a short while ago must have sunk to ashes, and now the whole of space lay quenched and dark and empty around them. Following on the sudden check of motion, the chill night silence seemed to rise in waves off the earth, pierced by starlight. Their own voices sounded hollow in the breathing nocturnal quiet. But off in the dark, at the side of the road, tree frogs kept up a series of throaty intermittent hawkings like a winding of cable cord on winches, and katydids, enfeebled from the first frost, slowly with diminishing vocal strength called the end of summer. Happy tinkered some more, and the lights fanned up in a pale glimmer, revealing the brown road dust lying in soft powdery swirls and dunes over Myrtle's lap. Dust coated their skin and eyebrows. Their mouths were full of it, gritty on the teeth. When Myrtle got out her snuff can she hardly knew what she was rolling in her mouth. The dust and snuff were exactly the same color.

"You reckon we can make it to Cotton Plant?"

"I'll try. I dunno."

"Name a' God, can't you hurry some?"

"I'm doin' the best I can."

Happy gave laconic answers, his face set. He was urging the Chevvy as hard as it would go.

"You see anybody behind us?"

"No. Ain't a soul."

"Okay."

The lights of Cotton Plant were winking up ahead now, a thin line of bright dots beaded on the dark surface close under the sky. A few minutes more and they would be there, safe. Myrtle was thinking already of the blessed relief, to go to bed in Allie's house and sleep till morning. Her whole body ached with fatigue and tension. But what was that?

Happy swore. "Doggone him. Bastard! Why don't he turn off that spotlight and switch to his dimmers?"

Instead, another spotlight moved up alongside the first one,

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directly in the path of the road, and shot a long blinding white fan of illumination full on the Chevvy.

"It's depities! They musta been trailin' us a while back—and come 'round another way! To head us off!"

When she had recovered from the first shock of pain in her eyeballs, Myrtle made out the blurry shapes of two cars parked at right angles across the road, completely blocking it. "O God, look at 'em!"

Happy made no reply. Biting his jaws together, he grabbed the steering wheel in both of his big fists, his trunk lifted half out of the seat, and mashed his whole weight down on the accelerator. The Chevvy swerved and cut out into the field at the roadside, zigzagging, rocking wildly on her springs as the wheels plowed into the soft earth. They came within a hair of upsetting. Happy gave the wheel another terrific wrench and pulled her over, whipping on by, just as the engine went into a spasm of hisses and weak sputtering. He pushed frantically on the choke.

"It's that connection wire to the spark plug's worked loose!" Myrtle shrieked in his ear. "See it shortin' now?" She dived forward and caught hold of the exposed wire hanging under the dashboard, pinching the ravelled ends together in her fingers. Tiny blue sparks flew off the wire. The hissing subsided, but resumed almost immediately.

"No, it ain't! It's outa gas—is what! Delbert, can you find that bottle? See if you can get up there and give her some gas —*I'll* try to keep her goin'!"

Delbert stood up in the seat and scrambled over Happy and the wheel somehow, pulling his legs after him. He had the vinegar bottle half full of gas clutched under his arm. The Chevvy was moving forward in spasmodic leaps and jerks, and had proceeded several hundred yards before the men in the cars parked across the road were able to turn about and get under way. Delbert managed to unscrew the hood, his feet on the running board, his right hand hooked onto the inside of the door. He got the stopper out of the vinegar bottle, and raised it to pour in the gas. But whether in his weariness he miscalculated, or the irregular plunges of the car caused him to lose hold, he toppled backwards and fell into the road.

They were inside the town limits by this time. Some of the gas must have got into the feed pipe, for the Chevvy took a burst of speed and rushed forward, without coughs. "Run, Delbert! Run!" Myrtle hollered, turning around in the seat.

Delbert picked himself up from the road, and started into the cotton. At that moment there was a loud explosion; several shots whizzed up from behind. Delbert ran into the cotton and fell on his face.

They saw the dark streak of his body hurtling up into the air over the whitish jungle of the cotton heads, bowed in at the waist; and for a second, some effect of the obscurity made it look as if he were flying. His arms reached up pawing the air, as though he were plucking out handfuls of the bright stars.

They had to go on and leave him where he had fallen. Lying out in the cotton, underneath the stars.

Happy ducked down a side street. By a miracle the Chevvy's engine was still hitting on all four pistons. They pulled up at Allie's door before the men following in the two cars succeeded in picking up the trail.

"Is that you, Myrtle?" her sister's voice inquired from within, in surprise and alarm. Happy was beating on the door with both fists, as Myrtle spoke through the keyhole. "Allie, they after us—!" Her voice broke, on a sob.

Allie's head poked through the crack; and behind her, in their night clothes, huddled together, stood the other members of her family. Johnny and Easter first, pushing sleep from their eyes, plump, soft-bosomed, big-hipped, laughing girls; and a long-legged boy named Glenn, who was considered wild and hard to manage. The others were all small. Allie was a widow woman with six children living; five more were under ground.

"We come from Birdsong. They broke in on our meetin', and burned the church—" As soon as she was able, Myrtle started to tell what happened. "Ned Fant got away, and I don't reckon they caught him. He's goin' to lay out in the swamp. Delbert come, givin' us the warning. Mighta been some others hurt but I don't hardly think so, for it seemed like they had their minds mostly on lightin' 'em a bonfire of the church. They poured in gasoline over the hay, and throwed them torches after it. But some way—later on—they musta started out chasin' us, 'cause right here up the road a piece—" She had to stop and wait, when she got to the part about Delbert. "I guess he was awful tar'd. He got up out the road anyhow. And run into the cotton. Then's when they shot him."

"You think—he's bad hurt?"

"Or dead, one," said Glenn cynically.

"I don't know. Till day comes, no way a knowin'. If we'd stopped, they'd a' got us too. But I feel bad—" She paused; and gave a sigh, raising her head, and glanced around at the others listening in shocked silence. "He's a good man," she said after a while. "You know—there never was—any meanness in Delbert!"

HAPPY asked what time it was. The clock on the shelf pointed to a quarter past one.

Suddenly, outside in the street, hell had broken loose. Voices yelling, and loud crashes made by falling objects. Happy walked to the window and peered out, from a side angle, keeping his body flattened against the wall.

Half a dozen figures, axes in hand, were dancing around the Chevvy drawn up at the curb. They heaved with the axes, swinging high in the air, and brought them down, delivering

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Paintings by James Turnbull

smashing blows upon the body of the Chevvy, wrecking it. The fenders were ripped off and flung into the road, the engine battered to pieces like small chunks of butcher's meat recognizable only by the flakes of carbon adhering to the steel fragments. For a block or more the road was paved with splinters of the disemboweled Chevvy. With yells and oaths the Chevvy's assassins leaped upon the splintered remains, stomping them. Inside of a few minutes there wasn't a piece the size of a lead pencil a souvenir hunter, next day, could have picked up.

"Keep down!" Happy hollered from the window, flourishing his arms. The others threw themselves flat on the floor. Dazzling spears of light struck through the window pane, and broke into moving wraiths on the wall as the spotlights outside were flashed on the house. Turning around at the window, Happy said to Myrtle, "You got ar' shootin' gun? Git it."

"This ole gun ain't shot a shoot since buck was a calf!"

"Never mind that. Git it close. I don't know what they goin' to do. But they ain't comin' in here. Without some of 'em git plugged." He told her to watch the front. He and the boy, Glenn, went around to the back to watch there in case they were surrounded.

The lights flashed on and off, sending the elfin wraiths dancing over the wall. The two cars cruised up and down, back and around, circling, returning to park again in front of the house. They kept this up throughout the greater part of the night. Once, a drunken voice bawled an unintelligible curse, followed by loud hoots of laughter. But there were no shots. Happy came back after a while and said he didn't think there was going to be anything more. "They gettin' sleepy. That liquor they drunk's quit workin', they ready to hole up now. And me, too. I got to get me some shut-eye. I'm give out—"

He stretched out on the bare floor, a flour sack under his head, and was instantly asleep.

But sleep would not come to Myrtle. Scrouged down on a box, her shoulder full of pins and needles braced against the wall and the left side of her body twisted around so that she could look out, she stayed all night by the window. Watching and thinking.

SHE could not make her thoughts coherent; they broke like crows in a cornfield scattering out in all directions. The red fire in the sky was like some nightmare vision her physical body remained aloof from, and neither could her mind come near to understand it; she felt that only the Almighty could punish the wickedness of those who brought their abomination to such deeds, and it might be the earth would swallow them as it had the sons of Aaron when the Lord's fire burned them. . . . She moved, and the pins and needles jabbed all over her, her whole side was asleep. Her eyes watched the lights blinking on and off, out in the street, and she heard against her ear drums a thousand times repeated, Bang! Bang! The shots they had fired at Delbert. How many of them had gone into him she did not know. Or how badly hurt he might be. It had seemed a dreadful thing, unnatural, to go on and leave him lying out in the cotton, maybe bleeding to death. Because death is the lonesomest thing anyhow, and it makes no difference to a poor mortal how hard life was, how much grief and trouble was his earthly lot, and how bad it all hurt—it still is the lonesomest thing. To die, and leave the world of men! And Delbert would have no one to help him, if he died. All alone out there, with the stars flickering a million miles away.

A memory of Delbert formed in her mind, somehow the only clear impression to break through the anonymous fogs surrounding him, and the only thing at this moment she seemed able to remember him by. It was when they were moving back to the place they had now on the Chalk plantation from Mrs. Nail's, two years ago, and Delbert had just come to live with them. He was taking her hens in a wagon to the Chalk place, with a load of other stuff. The hens, thirteen of them, were shut up in a box too small, with wire over the top, and on account of the mud on the roads at that time of the year the wagon couldn't get through in one day; it had been necessary to put up at a neighbor's overnight, along the route. The hens had no water in their prison box, and Delbert had forgotten to let them out. Nine of them perished, smothered to death. They were already stiff when she took them out, not even fit to cook and eat. Her big fine Rhode Island Reds and Barred Rocks, it had taken so long to get! She remembered how she had paced up and down the yard, surveying the stiffened corpses of the hens lying with their yellow feet outstretched, mad enough to have killed Delbert. "You oughta known better—!" she upbraided him. "Just dern sorriness!" And he, hang-dog and sullen, standing there surrounded by the dead fowls, stammering out some weak, stubborn, foolish rigmarole of self-justification. Now she regretted the angry words she had hurled at Delbert, she wished she hadn't said them. She thought if she could see Delbert again she would tell him she was sorry. Why, it was he—Delbert—who had come all that way to Birdsong to give them the warning, yes. She knew Delbert wasn't with them, a union brother, but as he said—he hadn't wanted to see any of the tenant people get hurt. They were his people. And he felt closer to them than planters, and laws, and bossmen.

A dim whiteness stole up, close against the window pane. It was the dawn coming quickly. . . .

She realized, with a shock, that she had been thinking of Delbert as a person already dead. For somehow, without knowing, she felt completely certain that he was no longer living. Her heart was full of heaviness, and it seemed as if the whole earth on which the sun was rising was sunk underneath a terrible dark gloom of tragedy and killing.

LILLIAN BARNARD GILKES.

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HOW HIGH IS INFLATION?

An economist warns against the non-existent dangers which blur the real ones. What to remember in grappling with the problem. The relation of increases in basic wages to total purchasing power. Seven weights which will keep the balloon down to earth.

ARE we threatened with inflation? Broadly speaking, yes. It was to combat this danger and to prevent further rises in the cost of living that President Roosevelt proposed his seven-point economic program. The failure of Congress to adopt most of these proposals and the efforts being made to nullify price control deprive the country of safeguards against inflationary pressures that can work havoc with the war effort, with the living standards of our people, and with national morale. Yet in diagnosing the ailment it is important not to conjure up non-existent dangers which only serve to blur the real ones.

Take, for example, the much-talked-of $17,000,000,000 "inflationary gap" and the warnings that unless excess purchasing power is "mopped up," we shall inevitably nosedive into the inflationary whirlpool. Recently the New York *Times* published no less than five leading editorials within seven days sounding this note. The *Times'* suggestions for "mopping up" are familiar: abolish overtime pay after forty hours, pass a sales tax, freeze wages, and cut social expenditures. And this newspaper has no use for the only anti-inflationary measure that has thus far been put into effect: general price control. Yet, after making proposals which contradict almost every point in President Roosevelt's seven-point program, the *Times* says (July 6): "The President's neglected program against inflation must now be carried into action. . . ."

The fact is that while the *Times* tells us "we are losing" the battle against inflation because the government refuses to adopt measures that would *increase* the real cost of living for the people, the latest report of the Department of Labor shows that between the middle of May and the beginning of June, living costs—thanks to price control—*declined* 0.1 percent, the first drop since the outbreak of the war. Unfortunately, this in itself offers no guarantees for the future. For the activities of the small group of appeasers and disrupters in Congress, who are preventing the extension of price control and blocking the other measures proposed by the President, confront us with the danger that the upward trend in living costs will be resumed and the country pushed over the inflationary precipice.

WHAT are the facts about inflation? Let us begin by remembering that there is a large element of hypothesis and guesswork in much that is being written about this problem. Take such a matter as the quantity of excess purchasing power. It is undoubtedly true that because half our production this year is being devoted to armaments, people will have more money to spend than there will be goods and services to buy. How much more? Price Administrator Leon Henderson says $17,000,000,000. But there are other reputable economists who put the figure as low as $8,000,000,000, while still others place it considerably above $17,000,000,000. The fact is no way has yet been evolved of accurately estimating the so-called inflationary gap. But whatever the figure, most economists act on the assumption that our people, getting a certain quantity of income, will save a proportion, determined by stable economic rules, and will spend the rest. If there aren't enough goods to go around, they will bid up the prices to fill the "gap."

In real life this assumption is being proved only partly true and in some respects completely false. Consumers can't bid up the prices of automobiles or tires they aren't permitted to buy. Nor can they legally bid up prices that are fixed. And it isn't necessarily true that when people can't buy automobiles, their purchasing power "spills over" into, say, clothing or electric toasters or other consumers' goods. The number of dresses and suits and electric toasters that an individual with money to spend will buy is strictly limited by need and available storage space. There is, in fact, accumulating evidence that very little purchasing power is "spilling over." As the areas of shortage have spread, a larger and larger percentage of the middle and upper incomes have been saved. Instead of a mounting demand for goods, the total demand began to decline even before Mr. Henderson announced the general price freeze. The July report of the National City Bank states: "The volume of sales of durable goods stores—including automobiles, household furnishings, building materials and hardware, and jewelry—has declined some 40 percent from the 1941 peak, according to an index compiled by the Department of Commerce, and is rapidly approaching the low level of 1938."

The *Survey of Current Business* for April contains an illuminating article, "The Changing Relation of Consumer Income and Expenditure" by R. B. Bangs. Based on the figures in this article, the July issue of Labor Research Association's *Economic Notes* gives government estimates of consumer income in the first quarter of 1941 and 1942 and shows how this income was spent. It also presents LRA's own estimate for the first quarter of 1943.

Disposal of Consumer Income
(in billions)

	First quarter 1941	*First quarter 1942*	*Increase*	*First quarter 1943 (est.)*	*Increase, 1st quarter 1941 to 1st quarter 1943 (est.)*
Total consumer income	$20.4	$25.1	$4.7	$30.0	$9.6
Expenditures for commodities and services	16.5	17.8	1.3	17.5	1.0
Direct personal taxes (federal)	0.8	1.9	1.1	4.0	3.2
Direct personal taxes (state and local)	0.3	0.3	..	0.4	0.1
War bond sales: Series D & E	0.5	1.4	0.9	3.0	2.5
Other savings, including repayment of debts	2.3	3.7	1.4	5.1	2.8

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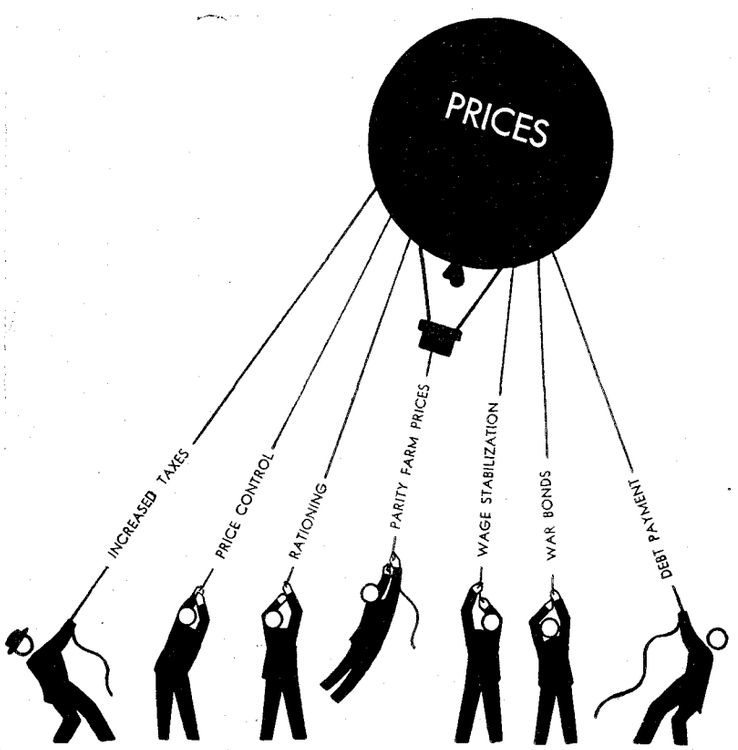
Thus, though consumer income was up $4.7 billion in the first quarter of the year, compared with the same period in 1941, expenditures for goods and services rose only $1.3 billion. "There are three major channels," *Economic Notes* states, "through which this increased income, which could not be spent for commodities and services, was siphoned off: increased taxes, war bond sales of small denominations; and other savings in banks, as well as repayment of debts and some hoarding of currency."

This analysis is supported by the July 6 issue of the Harland Allen Economic Letter, published in Chicago, which points out that "there is less danger from that direction [surplus purchasing power] than many have presumed. Principally, we see much evidence that the so-called 'inflationary gap' of seventeen to twenty billion dollars results from focusing on the positive side of accrued income without adequate recognition of offsetting factors. One such consideration is that the taxes and high-pressure saving to finance the war, plus the present increase in the cost of living, have cut so deeply into the incomes of the majority which is still engaged in non-war work that it largely makes up for the income surplus which reaches the pockets of war workers. In addition, we are obliged to discount current spending potentials by (a) the widespread effort on the part of individuals and corporations to reduce debt and thus to better streamline themselves for exigencies of the post-war period; (b) the expanding tendency of cautious corporations to set up new reserves to hedge themselves in specific categories of risk growing out of the war; (c) the larger ratio of proceeds from new war business which now flows back to the government in excess profits taxes because of the numerous cases in which added volume and growing familiarity with the work reduce unit costs; (d) the persistence of large-scale currency hoarding."

Moreover, as A. B. Magil pointed out in his articles in NEW MASSES of May 12 and 19, purchasing power must be considered qualitatively as well as quantitatively. The sixty-nine percent of American families whose incomes in 1941 were less than $2,000 do not swell the inflationary surplus. Their expenditures are largely for food, rent, and consumers' goods in which no shortages are likely to develop.

HOW TO PREVENT INFLATION



Adapted from Pictograph Corporation

HAVE I eliminated Mr. Henderson's gap? Hardly. Mr. Henderson, with his far-reaching action on prices and his initial rationing measures, has eliminated a large part of it himself. Here let us get back to our old friend, the New York *Times*. The *Times* editorial of July 6 quotes President Roosevelt's statement that "Our standard of living will have to come down," and concludes: "That is the key to the inflation fight." The *Times* has, in fact, thrown the key away. In an editorial on July 8 it said: "As long as the basic cause of inflation is not removed [by abolishing overtime pay after forty hours, imposing a sales tax, freezing wages, and reducing social expenditures] these ceilings must do more harm than good. . . . To the extent that ceilings are fixed for prices there must be corresponding ceilings for wages; otherwise the whole program must collapse." Who says it must? Why must economic law obey even so lordly a master as the New York *Times*?

In England it was only *after* the introduction of widespread price control and rationing that the inflationary rise in the cost of living was checked; for the past year and a half living costs have remained virtually unchanged. And there has been no freezing of wages; on the contrary, wage increases in specific instances have continued to be granted. During the earlier period of the war, while the British government followed the "in flationary gap" theory and "mopped up" allegedly excess purchasing power in the lower income brackets, the cost of living rose 27 percent from September 1939 to January 1941.

Another point to bear in mind is that increases in basic wage rates are very small potatoes in terms of the total change in purchasing power. The increase in labor income as a result of fuller employment, increased overtime, shifting of workers to more skilled jobs, etc., will probably exceed twenty percent this year. The pattern of wage rate increases in the few industries where they have so far occurred indicates a tendency to compromise at around five percent. It seems very unlikely that as many as one-half of all workers will get even these small increases. Thus the total rise in income as a result of higher basic wage rates will be at most about 2½ percent, or one-eighth the rise in labor income from other causes. Those who worry about labor's income as a source of inflation would be more consistent if they tried to stop the rise in employment. Of course, that is obviously nonsensical. It should be equally clear that wage increases such as the $1 a day asked by the United Steelworkers of America mean *far more* in terms of increased war production and improved morale than their small money cost to the corporations or their possible hypothetical contribution to the "inflationary gap." This is something which Mr. Henderson, who is himself an exponent of the "inflationary gap" theory and has implied support for wage freezing, might well bear in mind.

The real source of the inflationary danger lies elsewhere. It stems from the gaps in price control because of the exclusion of many food items, the failure to undertake rationing of all commodities in which there are current or potential shortages, the refusal of the House Ways and Means Committee to impose a stiff excess profits tax, the machinations of the misnamed congressional farm bloc to push up the nation's food bill, the attempt to hamstring enforcement of the Price Control Act—in short, the sabotage of the President's economic program. The puncturing of the price ceilings for canned and dried fruits and for gasoline, and the granting of permission to lower the quality of women's and children's apparel are danger signals. But the remedy is not at all obscure. By acting to make the seven-point program a reality we shall strengthen our economy not only for waging the war, but for building the peace.

RALPH HARTWELL.

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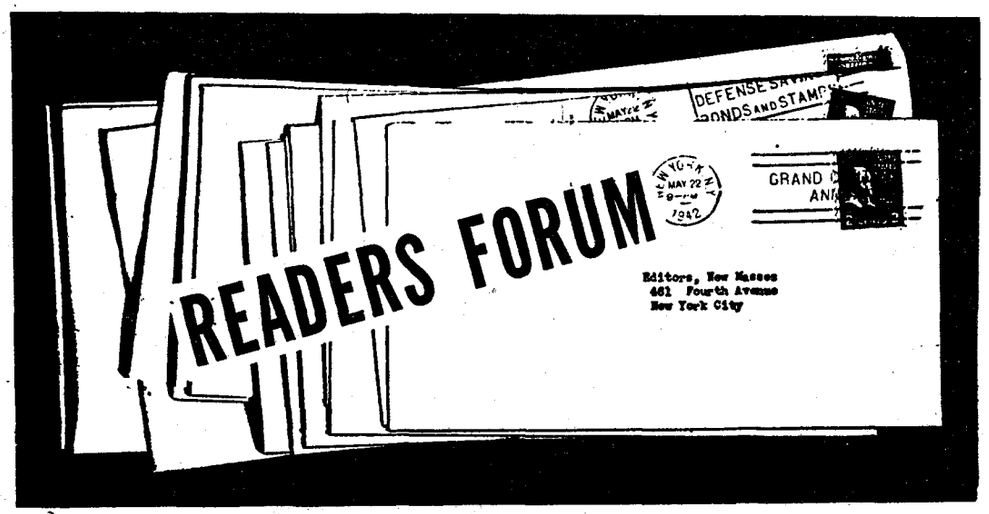

Remembering Our Past

The following letter was written by Howard Fast to Samuel Sillen regarding the latter's review (NEW MASSES, *July 7) of Mr. Fast's recently published novel on the American Revolution,* The Unvanquished. *The letter appears here, with the permission of the correspondent.*

DEAR Mr. Sillen: I think you know, as well as anyone, the torment that goes into the making of any book, but when that torment consists of, among other things, beating one's head against a stone wall, a writer is apt to feel somewhat frustrated. Which may give you some idea of what your review of my book and your reprint from it mean to me.

For five years now, in a series of novels of which *The Unvanquished* is the third, I have been trying to say something about America. I've been trying to say that it is a country "of the people, by the people, and for the people." I have been trying to show that there is a tradition of freedom, liberty, and revolution in America unequaled anywhere else in the world.

In Mexico, if you speak to the workers, the peons, the artists, and writers, you find the word "revolution" constantly cropping up in a way that few Americans understand. To them in Mexico, the revolution goes on; it is never over until all men are free; it is the soul of the nation; it may be strangled, cut, bruised, as God knows it so often is, but it can't be killed. And in my way of thinking, the same may be said of America. This is a people's land; it has been since the first poor harried devil set foot on our soil. The history of America is the history of a fighting, revolutionary-minded people. From 1755 to 1814 a bloody, desperate civil war raged over the continent of America; it was always the people fighting one reaction after another. In 1861 it was again the people who arose to put down counter-revolution at a terrible cost. The revolution *wasn't over; it isn't yet.*

Unfortunately there's no copyright on history, and the people who make it do not write it. The people who write it put down America as God's gift to the Republican Party. It took Hitler to make the world aware that a big lie could be far more successful than a little one, and *Gone with the Wind* and *Oliver Wiswell* could not be otherwise than successful, so carefully promulgated were they on the Hitlerian tradition of falsehood.

History is the collective memory of a nation. If a man remembers himself to be only a son of a bitch, with never a redeeming feature, the long odds are that he will continue to be a son of a bitch. And there is no better way to brutalize, undermine, and corrupt the moral basis of a nation than to falsify its history and depict it as coming out of nothing good or decent. And Hitler can teach some of our American novelists nothing about the falsification of history.

I still haven't thanked you for the grand review. Believe me, I am very grateful. Some people have remarked sneeringly what a wonder it is that NEW MASSES should write of Washington. I don't think the change is in NEW MASSES, but in a careful crust of lies that are beginning to be peeled away. And if I have some small part in the peeling, I am more than content.

Pleasantville, N. Y. HOWARD FAST.

TO NEW MASSES: The fact that eighty-two percent of our institutions of higher learning do not require courses in American history might lead, as it did after the New York *Times'* recent survey of the subject, to a fruitless side-tracking of the discussion from the meaning of American history to the question of elective versus required courses. We of the School for Democracy are not concerned with the latter question, but we are deeply concerned with the necessity for devoted attention to American history as a record of the progress of our people and as an effective instrument for democracy's victory over fascism. Indeed, it is precisely because of this kind of devotion to the history and traditions of our people that some of us were deprived of our academic careers by the Rapp-Coudert committee.

Fortunately the School for Democracy has provided us with the means to continue our progressive teaching of American history. In the coming fall semester various selected courses of study will be offered by the School, in each of which a term of American history is required. This we believe to be a desirable educational prerequisite, whether for the study of the problems of a world at war, for the theory and practice of trade unionism, or for the study of the social aspects of art, literature, or music.

Some of the present neglect of American history springs, of course, from upper class snobbishness; familiarity with the Peloponnesian War, Caesar's Gaul, or the Frankish succession has an esoteric air of culture about it that may not adhere to familiarity with Jacksonian democracy, western land grabs, or the Knights of Labor. It has frequently been characteristic of a ruling class that it is ashamed of the vulgar history of its own people, and ruling class ideology has of course played a large, although decreasing, role in determining collegiate curricula. By the same token, American history, when it is taught, is not without the distortions, misconceptions, and myths that ruling class ideologues have called forth. Thomas Paine, Crispus Attucks, and Haym Salomon are only now getting back into the history books. Women and labor and Negroes are still absent in large measure. Reconstruction is still "the tragic era" instead of a highlight in democratic development. Our government is still represented as conquest-minded in the democratic war of 1812, and democratic-minded in the imperialist war of 1917. The picture is by no means entirely negative.

American scholarship, which has grown greatly in maturity, objectivity, and scientific character during the past generation, has penetrated the previously mystic aura of American history rather deeply. Its results, in building up a more accurate and therefore a more democratic and more inspiring history, increasingly free of shibboleths and increasingly rooted in the basic concept of a people's history, are manifesting themselves in steadily developing ways. Some of our teachers at the School for Democracy are proud to have played a part in this development. I need to refer only to Dr. Herbert Morais' contribution to the understanding of the role of the Sons of Liberty in the American Revolution, and to Dr. Philip Foner's penetrating analysis of "Business and Slavery"—which latter Harold Laski recently called, writing in the *New Statesman and Nation,* "a first-rate example of the type of historical investigation which has been growingly characteristic of the last generation," and which "promises a distinguished career" for its author.

All of us at the School for Democracy have pledged ourselves to further the study of American history. History will not win the war, but a people imbued with the understanding of the history of our great nation will fight more valiantly, sacrifice more willingly, and prepare for the peace more intelligently. Never before was it so essential that the American people give thought to their history.

HOWARD SELSAM.
Director, School for Democracy
New York.

Postwar

TO NEW MASSES: There's been a lot of talk about what to do with the peace—and by people who are bound to have dissimilar ideas about it, the more concrete, the more dissimilar. But there's no disagreement about the need to win the war, and win it hard and soon. And so NM is to be congratulated on A. B. Magil's level-headed and commonsense advice to stop fighting about the peace and to win it. The course of the war and the character of the participants will guarantee a better peace than the world has ever known, and that's enough to fight for. If anything further needs to be added to the subject, Magil has added it in saying the shape of the peace to come will steadily be improved as the democratic process grows in the course of fighting the war. It will have to grow to win the war—it had to in the American Civil War where democratic issues were involved and it will have to in this war. Popular pressure, in my opinion, is justified in getting a real growth of democracy during the war effort, for its part of the war effort and the best guarantee of a desirable peace. Democracy and the fighting spirit go together, and together they will make a good peace.

Bartow, Pa. MILLEN BRAND.

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NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors

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A. B. MAGIL — JOSEPH STAROBIN — *Business Manager* — CARL BRISTEL
RUTH McKENNEY — JOHN STUART — *Promotion and Circulation* — HERBERT GOLDFRANK

Brazil's Knight of Hope

BRAZIL, sprawling over the richest lands of Latin America, has long been coveted by the Axis—both for the prodigious wealth of its raw materials and for its strategic position. Its "bulge" lunges across the South Atlantic toward Dakar and is the Americas' nearest point to Africa. For years the Nazis, Japanese, and Italians have burrowed into the political foundations of the country and it is generally recognized that the fifth column is most dangerously powerful there, perhaps more firmly intrenched than in any other American nation.

For these reasons it was a bad day for the Axis when Blas Roca, Cuban deputy and Communist leader, one of the continent's most prominent anti-fascists, met with the Brazilian Carlos Prestes in a lonely Rio prison cell where the latter has languished the past seven years. To millions of his countrymen Prestes is the Knight of Hope—a symbol of national integrity, social justice, and of democracy. To millions more Blas Roca is an outstanding exponent of continental unity against fascism. Such a meeting would have been unthinkable a few short months ago—before the Vargas government recognized the Axis menace to its national sovereignty and realized the need for bolstering the country's defenses by lining up with the United Nations. Much progress toward unity with all anti-Axis groupings on the continent has been made and the meeting of these two men is a sign of it. Prestes, leader of the National Liberation Alliance, founded in 1935 with a program of social and anti-fascist principles, distinguished himself in the epic fighting against the green-shirted Integralist Party, which was fashioned after Italy's blackshirts. Prestes was sentenced to a life term for his staunch stand.

It is a measure of the man that he has seen, within prison walls, the transcendent political needs of this day. He told Roca that "true patriots should subordinate all questions to the main problem of defeating the Axis in the quickest possible way." That, he said, is "the only way to save national independence."

Significant it is that Foreign Minister Osvaldo Aranha arranged the visit to Prestes. It is more than significant, too, that the pro-fascist chief of police of Rio de Janeiro, Felinto Muller, was ousted from his post July 17. He was thoroughly despised by the Brazilian people for his continued persecution of Prestes. He went out of public office with three Cabinet members. The scene in Brazil is changing and all Americans should encourage the shift. The freedom of Prestes is considered by millions as a powerful incentive to an all-out drive against the fifth column and its still dangerous influences.

India's Reply

THE All-India National Congress has at last made the full and convincing reply to the Cripps Mission that the world has been waiting for. After weeks of conflicting and distorted newspaper reports had caused India's friends considerable despair, we now have the authentic views of India's most advanced leadership. The essence of the working committee's resolution is that India shall at once be permitted to form a provisional national government representative of all sections of the Indian people. At some future date a constituent assembly shall formulate a new constitution; but for the moment the provisional national government will consult with Great Britain on the problem of India's immediate defense. Contrary to some of Ghandi's recent statements, the Congress agrees to the stationing of British and American troops in India and makes it clear that the people as a whole have thrown in their lot, not with Japan, but with the United Nations. The Congress warns that British recalcitrance and Japanese successes have made an impression that might lead to a passive acceptance of Japanese rule. To counter that, India must be admitted as a "willing partner in the joint enterprise of securing freedom for the nations and peoples of the world." And the resolution which will be submitted to a full meeting of the Congress on August 7 ends on the warning that unless Great Britain recognizes the wisdom of this appeal, Ghandi's course of "non-violent non-resistance" will inevitably win out.

This is unquestionably so reasonable a basis for ending India's crisis, securing China's rear, and mobilizing India's vast resources for active struggle that it seems unthinkable to have it rejected in Whitehall. India's leaders have offered a statesmanlike and realistic alternative to the deadlock of the last three months. It is in America's interest as a leading member of the United Nations to bring every influence to bear for the immediate acceptance of India's proposal. Further delay can mean catastrophe for the entire Far East.

In the Right Direction

THE fight against Negro discrimination continues with unabated vigor. Within the past week there have been three notable events; two of them highly encouraging; one of them scandalous.

For many years progressive people in the sports world have been battling against the major leagues' failure to sign up notable Negro baseball players, and the charges of discrimination finally brought a stinging reply from the baseball commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. "I am hereby notifying all parties concerned that there is no rule—formal or informal, or otherwise—that says a ball player must be white. There is nothing to prevent one player or the full limit of twenty-five players being colored on any baseball team. It's up to the owners and managers to put their best players in the field—the best players they can get—white or Negro. I insist there's no law against it."

Much credit is due the *Daily Worker* which has, on its sports page, campaigned on this issue for years. There is a considerable road to be traveled, however, before ball fans will have a chance to see such Negro favorites as Satchel Paige, Ray Brown, Sammy Hughes, and Dave Barnhill in the major clubs where their talents rate them. That Landis' ruling has had an immediate effect was obvious when six of the sixteen big-league clubs sent scouts to a ball-game in Buffalo last Sunday to watch Negro players in action.

In Los Angeles, on the same day, Wendell Willkie spoke before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and articulated the growing clarity of the American people on one of the major issues of this people's war. "We must now and hereafter cast our lot with all those other people, whatever their race or color, who prize liberty as an innate right both for themselves and for others. . . ." Speaking of the anti-Negro attitude that still persists among certain sections of the country, Mr. Willkie said, "but this atmosphere is changing. Today it is becoming increasingly apparent to thoughtful Americans that we cannot fight the forces and ideas of imperialism abroad and maintain a form of imperialism at home. . . ."

The former Republican presidential candidate spoke with the echoes still reverberating from the nation-wide anger that greeted the indignities to which the distinguished Negro singer Roland Hayes and Mrs. Hayes were

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subjected in their home town, Rome, Ga. Mrs. Hayes was insulted in a local shoe store and her husband was arrested and maltreated when he protested. This national outrage has yet to receive Attorney-General Biddle's attention. We should like to remind him, if he can take a few moments from persecuting Harry Bridges, that there are three amendments in our Constitution which have been violated by these small-fry Georgia fuehrers.

Six to Go

IN ORDERING a wage increase of forty-four cents a day for the 157,000 workers in Little Steel, the War Labor Board established a principle of wage stabilization of first importance to the whole seven-point anti-inflation program. Wage *stabilization,* remember, was one of those seven points as set forth by President Roosevelt—not wage freezing, as anti-labor congressmen and their press allies have insisted. To effect such stabilization, the WLB says, wages should have the same relationship to cost of living as they had in January 1941. Thus the increased cost of living since that date—fifteen percent, according to the WLB—becomes a yardstick for wage adjustments. The WLB, however, recognizes that wages which were substandard on that date would have to be adjusted upward more than fifteen percent—while, of course, if they were standard and had been increased since, the adjustment would be less. In any case, the adjustments will be worked out through collective bargaining, with the WLB's decision as a guiding principle. Still another principle, of great importance to organized labor, is embodied in the WLB's ruling in favor of union maintenance-of-membership and the dues check-off.

It is true that the United Steel Workers of America had asked for a dollar a day increase, and a three-man fact-finding panel of the WLB had reported that the four Little Steel companies could afford to pay it. However, the USWA has accepted the WLB's decision —accepted it, in the words of the union's policy committee, as an "opportunity of being in the forefront in carrying out the national policy which will aid our nation in its war for survival." But the union quite properly emphasizes that if the wages are to be stabilized, so must the living costs. And the President's anti-inflation program, after all, contains six other points besides wage stabilization. These points are the very things which Congress has thus far failed to carry out—has, indeed, fought against. Organized labor has set the country a splendid example by its willingness to move "in the forefront" of the battle against inflation. But unless its example is followed, unless other interests catch up in the forward march, then the whole battle will be lost.

Diesmania

HAVING discovered that David Vaughan of the Board of Economic Welfare was not David Vaughn who helped found the League for Peace and Democracy; and having been sued by Mr. Vaughan of the WEB for calling him a founder of a "Communist Front" organization; and finally having apologized before Congress for his "error"—now Dies is insisting that the House of Representatives pay the $500 or so that he owes Mr. Vaughan for expenses incurred in the libel suit. In other words, the taxpayers, who have had to shell out some $300,000 for Martin Dies' lies, are asked to pay $500 more when he is caught. We know only one case that compares with this for pure brass—that of the man who murdered his father and mother, then pleaded for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan.

A Bond with Russia

PROFESSOR RALPH BARTON PERRY, in a letter to the New York *Times* of July 12, makes a notable contribution to the discussion of our relations, present and future, with our Soviet ally. He examines the factors which in the past have stood in the way of American-Soviet friendship and urges that the collaboration which has begun as a result of the necessities of war become an enduring bond for the period of the peace. Professor Perry is frankly critical of certain aspects of Soviet policy, and unlike many Americans, he does not advocate reversing old attitudes toward the Soviet-German pact and the Finnish war. He pleads, however, for an understanding of the motives behind Soviet policy of recent years and, in fact, makes out a rather good case for that policy.

One of the most realistic notes in his letter is his rejection of the idea that the Soviet Union is abandoning its fundamental principles and that future cooperation should be predicated on the assumption that she is moving toward capitalism. "It appears probable," he writes, "that the present unity of Russia is largely the product of her Communistic faith; that a military victory will confirm that faith in the sentiment and conviction of the Russian people." But he argues that differences in economic and political systems need not be a barrier to friendship and understanding. And he concludes:

"If we think of social progress in terms of the lifting of all members of the human race from bondage, from misery and from barbarism to a plane on which they can lead the life that becomes a man; . . . if we are resolved to develop the inventive and creative powers of man to the utmost, and extend their benefits to all; . . . if we seek on every side and in every human relationship to substitute peace for war, and cooperation for conflict—if that is our side, then, I submit, Russia belongs with us and we with Russia. . . ."

Book Conference

YOU have just enough time after you've finished reading this issue on Thursday, July 23, to make a bee-line for the (air-cooled) Hotel Pennsylvania and attend the Book Mobilization Conference that will be open to the public at seven PM.

Sponsored by the Book and Magazine Union, Local 18 of the UOPWA, the conference will climax a week of panel discussions on the role of books in wartime. Participants have included representatives from every phase of the industry: authors, editors, promotion, production, bookselling, office, and shipping workers; and the aim—"to mobilize all workers in the book industry for active support of the war."

★

Colonel T.

(Continued from page 4)

is not less well equipped than the enemy. The Soviet High Command does not, contrary to some opinion, pay with lives for lack of tanks and other weapons; *if need be to pay, they pay with acres and square miles.*

There is, however, a very important point on which I agree completely with Major Eliot's appraisal of the situation. He says in the above-quoted article:

"Naturally, the Russians have to make sure of getting the best employment out of a force which is very likely their last reserve. They dare not commit it too soon, and they dare not risk having it chewed up piecemeal. . . . It is much better to take losses of territory here and there and to wait for the opportunity to strike a really telling blow."

This is fundamentally correct. But the danger remains that the Red Army will be forced, let us say, to the line of the Volga and, having been deprived of more industrial centers and of the oil-flow of Baku, will be forced on the defensive until, say spring, with its back to the Ural Mountains, with its lifelines to the outside world cut at, let us say, Yaroslavl and Saratov or Stalingrad. It will be deprived of all offensive power for at least a year. The Soviet Union will not collapse, this is clear. But what will happen to the United Nations if Hitler throws half his striking power against them (some 200 divisions) this early fall? They "dare not" tackle his fifty divisions in Europe! And 200 is four times more than fifty, isn't it?

And once again it will be Hitler who will be considering the "land invasion"—the assault upon Britain. Once again he will be afforded the opportunity of the offensive—an opportunity which can be denied him only by beating him to the punch, by opening the second front now.

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THE FRONTLINE WRITER

Strengthening the lines of communication between the armed and civilian forces. Is the writer's present status satisfactory? The experience of our allies.

SHORTLY after we entered the war, a leading organization of authors asked several of its well known members to discuss the role of the writer in the war effort. The response showed that while intelligent writers saw eye to eye on the main issues of the fight, they disagreed sharply on the kind of contribution they could make to victory. From the variety of views expressed, two opposing conceptions emerged. One was that the author should leave his typewriter and pick up a gun, since fascists could be killed only with bullets, not words. The other was that the writer should stick to his job pretty much the same way as before, carrying out his projects until the draft board called upon him.

I think experience has shown most writers that neither proposal was satisfactory. It is generally recognized today that the writer has a distinct contribution to make in his capacity as a writer, that words as well as bullets are necessary weapons against fascism. It is also recognized that words must convey a new urgency and meaning if they are really to serve the United Nations cause. In short, one finds fewer pro-war writers today who advocate either a renunciation of their craft for the duration or a fatal adherence to literature-as-usual. In books, in films, on the radio, writers are beginning to pull their weight in the war effort.

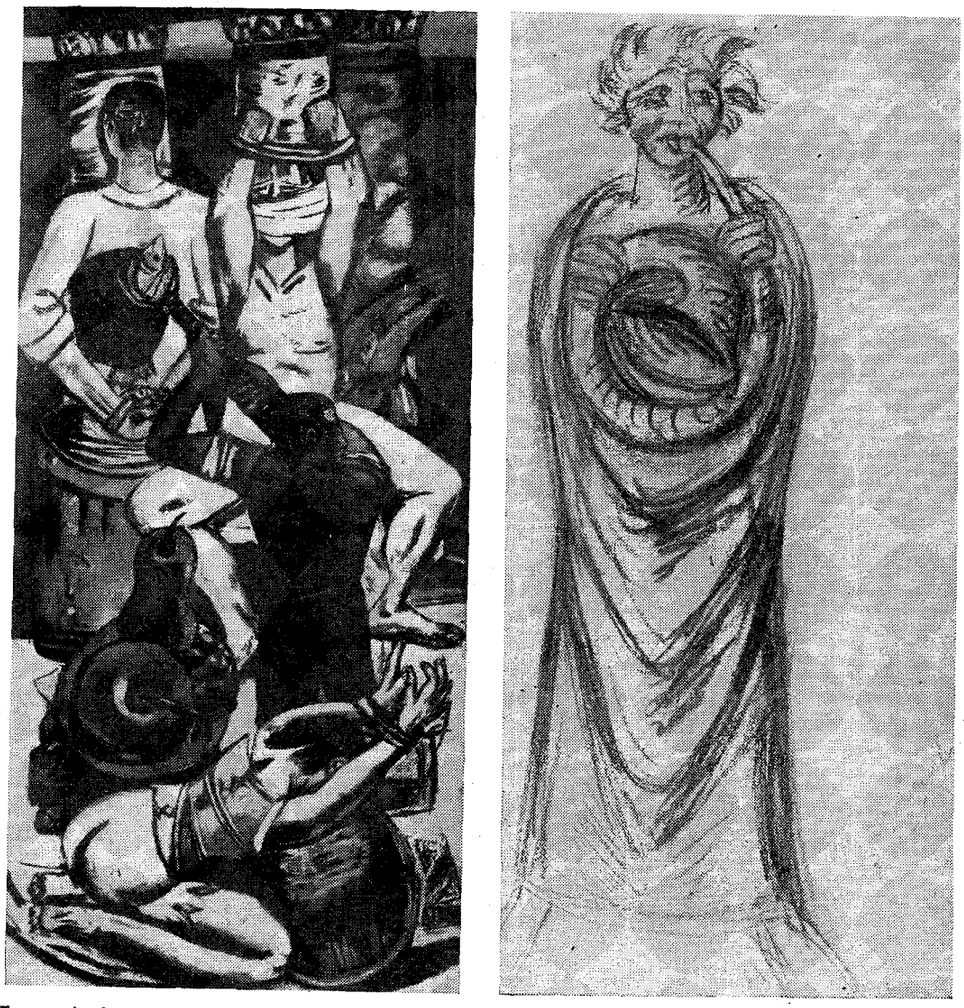
But in one crucial area the old alternative between the writer as soldier and the writer as civilian still prevents a full realization of our morale-building potential. In our armed forces there is apparently no strong bridge between the conception of the ex-writer combatant and the writer non-combatant. As a result, we have a rather contradictory situation. We have writers in our armed forces who cease to function as writers, except in limited ways, at the very moment when they gain experience which needs to be portrayed. And we have writers outside the armed forces who are supposed to give us a picture of an experience which they have not shared.

If, as I believe, the central problem of morale in a people's war is the welding of the forces at the front and the forces in the rear, the present status of the writer must be changed. For in order to solidify military and civilian combatants, we must maintain constant and vital communication. The people at home, in the factories, on the farms, and the people in training camps, at the front lines, on the seas, need at every moment that sense of mutual and unceasing effort which sustains a people in crisis. We need to feel close to one another. And it is the function of the writer in war, even more profoundly than in peace, to weld the people by giving them a vivid understanding of the community of their sufferings, their labors, their hopes.

Some critics of our national morale program have approached the problem narrowly in terms of "news." But it is not simply more news, in the journalistic sense, that we need. Our problem is not primarily that of more frequent and more detailed bulletins. We require living pictures of one another. We require pictures that stir our emotions by describing the fortitude, ingenuity, and devotion of our fighting men and women. In his fireside chat of April 28, Mr. Roosevelt gave us such a picture of Capt. Hewitt T. Wheless, a member of our flying forces in the Pacific, and this did more to capture the heart of a nation than a dozen bulletins.

The best writing of the war has projected, in firsthand terms, the actual lives of our people. A sailor returns from Murmansk and his depiction of a convoy under fire makes us appreciate for the first time the valor of our men who keep 'em sailing, at whatever hazard. A pilot describes the glory of a heroic comrade who did not return, and our resolve to

Free German Art



Two works from a current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The one on the left is part of a triptych called "Departure" by Max Beckmann. The charcoal drawing on the right is Ernst Barlach's "Angel with a Horn"

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replace his plane with a thousand more becomes set. In such stories, however fragmentary and however unpolished, we see the necessary interplay of our lives, the heroic stature of our compatriots.

But we see this only in a sketchy way. These stories are only the scattered proofs of our great need for a systematic biography of our troops. They suggest how much our writers might achieve if we could more efficiently integrate them with our armed forces.

Without seeking to disparage the achievement of writers who are separated from firsthand experiences, we may note shortcomings in our procedure at present. For example, not all young people can be pilots, even though so many of them want to be. Our planes need gunners, radiomen, bombardiers. They need ground crews. So there is the problem of showing young people the great importance of non-pilot airmen. And yet, because our stories and movies have over-glamourized one function and overlooked the others, it is necessary to interest recruits in other services. The air forces would like writers to study these services and depict them imaginatively. But the trouble here is that the civilian writer studies a plane factory or an aviation camp for a short period and then writes it up. He is essentially an outsider looking in. And with the best intention in the world, he is likely to reveal the secondhand view in his writing. Too often our popular magazines and newspapers give the tourist point of view.

Suppose, on the other hand, the writer were actually part of a crew, living with the men, working with them, fighting with them. The picture would be infinitely more convincing. In the rear too we would then be living, working, and fighting with the men. The lines of communication would be clear.

In this respect we have a great deal to learn from our allies, particularly the Russians and Chinese. For instance, the recent book by Alexander Poliakov, *Russians Don't Surrender,* is a powerful example of the kind of integration I have in mind. The war correspondent Poliakov is not a detached observer; he is the voice of his battalion. He is right in their fighting with his rifle and his typewriter, with bullets and words. Another example familiar to Americans is that of the late Eugene Petrov. A third is the noted Soviet poet, Constantin Simonov, who has written an interesting account of his thirteen months at the front as an author-soldier.

Simonov left for the front on the second day of the war. He has been on all the fronts from Odessa to Murmansk. As a correspondent for the army newspaper, *Red Star,* he has written forty or fifty feature articles, mostly sketches about soldiers and military action; these articles have been collected in a booklet, *From the Black Sea to the Barents Sea.* "During my trips to the front," writes this poet and lieutenant-colonel, "the fact that I was an officer made it incumbent upon me to undertake the duties of a commander when occasion arose—and sometimes the duties of a private when an emergency made it imperative. At times I had to muster retreating men, form them into companies, restore order and morale, and lead them back into battle. Having a car at my disposal, I carried orders and dispatches. Once I had to rescue our wounded pilots and captured German flyers. Later, when I was in the Crimea, I participated in attacks as an ordinary private, rifle in hand. I also took part in a raid by one of our submarines on the Rumanian coast."

But where, one may ask, was there time left to write? Simonov replies that wartime spurs one to work as one never thought it possible in peace. In snatches, during stopovers, he wrote a play, *Russian Men,* in which he tried to "show war as it is, with its bitterness and suffering, its pathos and its high feelings." He had to dictate much of it straight to a stenographer, with no opportunity to rewrite. And in addition to the fighting, the play, the fifty articles, he wrote a volume of lyrical verse addressed to his wife. "When I began writing these poems," Simonov writes, "I hardly thought they would find an audience in wartime. I was merely responding to my own inner urge. But I learned, most unexpectedly, that men in action everywhere wanted to hear poetry, and specifically and especially verses of love." He read his verse to uniformed men in the mud of dugouts, in artillery observation posts, in forest and field.

Let no one think that our American soldiers are less eager for good writing that will appeal to their imagination and minds. To me the only thing surprising in the following statement just released by Modern Library is the word "surprising": "Enlisted men are showing a surprising interest in the poetry and philosophy titles contained in the series." For it is not only the civilians who would like to see writers more deeply integrated in the war effort. It is the soldiers themselves. A writer like Simonov is the voice of his battalion speaking to the people at home; he is at the same time the voice of the people at home speaking to the battalion. The writer, with his vivid memories, with his constant trips to the rear, can mediate between the two fronts. He has two audiences which he ultimately welds into one.

I presume that there are difficulties in the way, and I do not wish to ignore them. But I believe that if our armed forces, together with our government and our writers, will agree on a policy looking toward the integration of front and rear through the efficient use of writers, we can remove whatever organizational obstacles may exist. We shall of course need many of our writers at home to continue the fine work they have begun. We shall of course discover many new talents among those who are already in the armed forces. But unless we work out ways and means of utilizing writers as avenues of communication between front and rear, we shall be wasting a vast and necessary morale potential. I think it is the responsibility of writers and writers' organizations to discuss this problem and to press for its realistic solution.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

More Information, Please

WAR AND PEACE, *by Leo Tolstoy. Inner Sanctum Edition. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.*

IT IS estimated that more than 250,000 copies of this edition of *War and Peace* will be distributed. Since its chief distinguishing feature from other editions is the introduction by Clifton P. Fadiman, perhaps it would be well to review it here.

The introduction is characterized by the qualities that mark all of Mr. Fadiman's work—its alertness and liveliness along with its cockiness and its air of being in on everything. The section devoted to literary analysis is particularly good. It will heighten the reader's awareness of the many facets of Tolstoy's achievement and his pleasure in Tolstoy's skill. There Mr. Fadiman is at home and makes an excellent guide.

But it is another matter in the section devoted to the historical parallels between Napoleon's invasion, as described by Tolstoy, and the Hitler invasion. There Mr. Fadiman, who has never been in Russia, does not speak the language and (by the internal evidence in his essay) has not read much of Russian literature besides Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, and knows still less about Russian history, is an untrustworthy guide.

Lacking knowledge, Mr. Fadiman resorts to nonsense on the Russian spirit, but his worldly manner helps to disguise it. A gag like "scratch a Russian and find a martyr" is a whiff of laughing gas which desensitizes the reader to the nonsense of which the rest is compounded.

Of "the military tradition of the Russian people," Mr. Fadiman writes as if the Russians got their enormous territory from Adam and ever since have had to fight defensive wars to hold onto it. It is amusing with what an all-informed air Mr. Fadiman dispenses this misinformation about the Russian "military tradition."

But to reach the climax we must read Mr. Fadiman on the "Russian Soul": Note, in the following quotation, how Mr. Fadiman brushes away the effects of Soviet life, which would have made his psychic explanations unnecessary:

"But as Tolstoy points out, the Russians have an even more deeply based weapon. This is what military theorists unimaginatively call morale. Essentially it is the soul of a people, the peculiar and unique national spirit which underlies all training and all conditioning and which rises to the surface only in the most extreme of emergencies. In the case of the Russians in 1812 this national spirit meant a kind of near-mystical attachment to 'Mother Russia,' a blind, passionate, and, if necessary, suicidal devotion to the land which Napoleon's army, with all its talk of *gloire,* lacked. This national spirit is crescent today. It underlies the thin veneer of Communist doctrine and lives a life apart from it. Beneath this national spirit there is something even deeper, a force very hard to describe. . . . That force may be called the messianic spirit in the Russian people—the same spirit which Hitler, realizing its value, tries to graft onto the soul of his own folk. In other words the Russian in 1812 felt not only that he was defending his own country, which he was, but defending Europe, which is questionable. . . . Scratch a Russian and you find a martyr."

Contrast Mr. Fadiman's resistance in the paragraph above to giving credit to Soviet factors for Soviet morale, with his readiness to put an unfavorable interpretation where he feels he can:

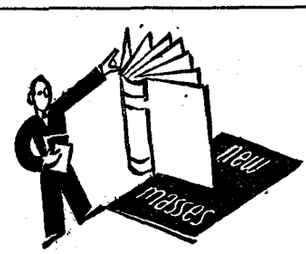
"In 1807 Napoleon and Czar Alexander meet on a raft at Tilsit in the Niemen River and in effect divide up Europe. It takes five years for that agreement to sour. The analogy with the Nazi-Soviet pact is clear."

Twelve pages of parallels are followed by three paragraphs on the differences. Mr. Fadiman sees these differences chiefly in terms of new weapons—tanks, planes, etc., the importance today of oil; and the difference in the scope of the two wars—Napoleon's continental, Hitler's global.

But these are the surface differences. The differences in the life of the Russian people, the difference in their relations with their government, in the two periods, the fact that the czarist government hesitated to arm the people, making it necessary for the guerrillas to fight with sticks and scythes, while the Soviet government armed the whole people and directed the guerrilla fighters—all this Mr. Fadiman does not touch on. He doesn't know.

However, if Mr. Fadiman had troubled to look more closely into what he was examining, that is, into the very history of the parallel invasions he was discussing, he could have informed himself with comparatively little research on a significant, in fact a decisive, difference. He would have seen that Napoleon, all through and following his invasion in Russia, had *a second front* to fight, the front in Spain. There, an army of Napoleon, nearly as large as the one sent into Russia, was pinned down by the fighting Spanish people. This army was made up of French troops, not the polyglot divisions sent into Russia, of which French troops were only a third. That *second front* in Spain made another campaign in Russia impossible and led to Napoleon's destruction the following year. It is that significant difference which is all-important today. Let us turn it into a parallel, let us open a second front, and Hitler like Napoleon will be destroyed during the year following his invasion of Russia.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.



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Struggle for Reality

FROM CUBISM TO SURREALISM IN FRENCH LITERATURE, *by Georges Lemaitre. Harvard University Press. $3.*

PROFESSOR LEMAITRE'S book, in spite of a basic weakness, is a good comprehensive study of the modern movement in French literature. Beginning with a chapter on "The Forerunners" in which he briefly surveys the radical departures made by such nineteenth century poets as Gerard de Nerval, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Lautreamont, and Mallarme, and following it by an analytical chapter on "The Breakdown of the Old Conception of Reality," he devotes his three principal chapters to "Cubism," "Dada," and "Surrealism." The development is chronological, and the book includes brief but excellent biographies of all the leading figures in the successive movements. The author contributes no new concepts but supplies many insights that illuminate obscurities and clarify relationships. The lucid style gracefully surmounts the difficulties inherent in the subject matter.

To Lemaitre's exposition I have no fundamental objection. It is something of a limitation, I feel, attaching to the method, that he touches only the fringes of the illustrative works themselves. Nowhere does he go into anything like a detailed analysis of crucial instances. Both for books and paintings he contents himself with a descriptive word or sentence and concentrates on the writer's or artist's aims and theories, and sometimes on his method. To have done more than this would of course have made a longer book, and in any case the method has its justification. Some curious references to "race," though, are emphatically to be censured, and suggest a deplorable dark spot in an otherwise enlightened point of view.

Lemaitre's *interpretation* of the whole modern movement, however, does suffer heavily from his academic approach. Before Marxist criticism had irrefutably documented its thesis of the organic relationship between cultural expression and the mode of life of the society in which it manifests itself, academic criticism prevailingly treated cultural manifestations as self-generating. The more astute academic critics now at least recognize the interconnection and sometimes go a certain distance in analyzing this connection. Lemaitre does, throughout, link the development of "modernism" with the state of European society, and recognizes the importance of the connection. "The continuity of their development (i.e. of modernistic theories) and their persistency under various forms throughout several anxious generations show conclusively that they correspond to something really deep and important in contemporary life," he says in the concluding paragraph.

But he does not take the further step of recognizing that it is precisely in terms of the crisis in western civilization that the crisis in culture is to be understood. If the whole modern trend both in literature and art is motivated by "the desire to rid artistic or

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literary works of any rigorous connection with the external reality that we perceive through reason and the senses," it is just this desire that needs to be analyzed. Unconsciously, perhaps, Lemaitre plays down the fact that this rebellion in literature—against conventional literature—is a rebellion against reactionary rule, and that both its character and its strength are basically conditioned by this fact.

It is the fundamental weakness of all these movements of literary revolt whose history Lemaitre traces—from Baudelaire through Rimbaud and Apollinaire to the Dalis of today—that its exponents almost wholly ignore this fact, so that their revolt is unconscious and misdirected. The myths which this tradition has created, with their occasional anguishing beauty and their frequent hallucinatory revelations, are for this very reason unreal and sterile. It may be the peculiar function of the poet "to give to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name," yet the poets who have created enduring myths—and Shakespeare preeminently—have always held a firm grasp upon reality. The situation of the surrealists, roughly speaking, is this: looking upon the world with which they are confronted, they find it wanting, falling far short of their heart's desire; considering that this world is ruled by reason, by certain traditional standards of purposive behavior and of individual and social responsibility and by a system of concepts of goodness, beauty, and truth, they have rebelled against all these and set out in search of some kind of super-reality beyond the sphere in which these values operate. But reality is a stubborn thing, and each of the surrealists has had to make, in one way or another, some compromise with it. And into this compromise there enters inevitably an element of charlatanism.

The contribution of these movements lies, on the one hand, in their many undeniable brilliant inventions and in their unconscious, but therefore incomplete and very often misleading, revolt against the old order. It can be said that most of these writers and artists were motivated, like Rimbaud, by a desire, however frustrated, to "change life" (Rimbaud's phrase). But the clearest of them evolved beyond surrealism to socialism, transforming desire into decision. It is here that the history of the modern movement in the arts really begins. For surrealism already belongs to the past.

RENE POSTIERES.

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THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST, *by Ferner Nuhn. Harpers. $3.*

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because it is number one of a promised trilogy and requires the rest of the argument to round it out; and second, because of its curious inner discrepancies.

In order to clear the ground for more positive things the author disposes of that phase of American culture which he calls the nostalgic—the story of those who, finding themselves on what they felt to be the wrong side of the Atlantic, spent the rest of their lives in going back. "The child of the East Wind would be off at the first good opportunity. He had heard the song of the nightingale on the East Wind and so he could not hear the meadow-lark."

The middle section deals with three characteristic exemplars, each of whom in his different way "escaped" from this continent into the European shadows—Henry James and his "enchanted kingdom," Henry Adams and "the hand of the fathers," and T. S. Eliot, the American "Orpheus" who descended into hell. Ferner Nuhn effectively brings out the fatal connection between these distinguished runaways, showing how "from James' ambiguous children, child brides, and wide-eyed young provincials wandering bedazzled in the old palace gardens, you get Eliot's weary middle-aged lovers, lost sailors, haunted souls, bitter and evil old men" and enabling us to reexperience in a quite salutary way the hyper-subtle, innuendo-ridden, and, in a last analysis, sterile mentality of such works as "The Golden Bowl" and "The Waste Land."

We don't know exactly what other phases of American culture Ferner Nuhn intends to put under his microscope and for this reason must suspend judgment as to the wisdom—notwithstanding the very real connection—of pooling Eliot with his elders, the two Henrys. He may wish later, though, that he had kept Eliot for another purpose. There is an obvious and quite fundamental analysis of modern culture to be made in terms of the dying order, the transition, and the new order, which impinges very directly on this book's analysis of America. And from this point of view it becomes valuable to hang on to the distinction, which Ferner Nuhn recognizes but doesn't elaborate, between James' "illusioned," "beglamoured" generation which lived, as it thought, in the good old days, and Eliot's "lost" generation which has come at last to the end of the road. No doubt we can find an ominous note in Henry James, a sort of distant thunder suggestive of trouble ahead—

Stephen Spender wrote about this in "The Destructive Element" (1935), but it isn't strong enough in him to be a constituent part of his work. Eliot, on the other hand, is significant even for those who cannot stay with him, because he has so completely and memorably expressed the impasse that James and others of his generation were coming to without suspecting it. This is not a distinction to be passed over lightly. For the forward movement of life and letters, it is of the first importance.

One comes away even from this most secure part of the book with a query as to whether the author has got a firm hold that will see him through to the end of his theme or only a partial one that is going to slip and fail him. And there is much else in the volume to reinforce the query. It is, for one thing, not the well organized book that it ought to be, as part of a trilogy. The opening chapters call for an altogether more solid, more comprehensive exemplification than can possibly be supplied by our three "renegades." There seems to be a lot of empty space round them that needs filling in. More serious than this is an insecurity of style which makes one passage lucid and another vague and wobbly. At his best—for instance, on his opening page, this author can write in a manner not unworthy of the good American tradition, established by men who would rather be understood than admired. But as the book proceeds, he drifts away from this standard and writes at times—as in his unsatisfactory last chapter—with an uncalled-for sophistication. Has he too been sniffing the East Wind and listening to the nightingale instead of the meadow-lark?

BARKER FAIRLEY.

Brief Review

THE FARM PRIMER, *by Walter Magnes Teller. David McKay Co.*

The Farm Primer serves its defined purpose well. It is a practical manual and reference book for the beginner and part-time farmer. It is also, and herein it differs from most books of its kind, fascinating reading.

Mr. Teller, formerly with the Farm Security Administration, paints an unromanticized, easily understood, over-all picture of the business of producing food. Despite the complete coverage of all aspects of farming, each individual subject is discussed in careful detail. As a result, the book is as useful to someone who would like to raise bees as to someone who has inherited a full-scale dairy farm. Besides the well written text and clear illustrations there is an extensive, complete bibliography on each subject.

Anyone contemplating farming, or even Victory gardening, should read the book. It is also recommended for those city dwellers who would like to be better informed about the basic requirements of producing food.

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CARICATURE BY HOLLYWOOD

Charles Humboldt endorses Joy Davidman's criticism of filmland's parody on women and adds a few points of his own. The screen around human values.

IF JOY DAVIDMAN had waited another week, she might have added *Are Husbands Necessary?* to her list of films in which the "low-as-usual" status of women is preserved. It would hardly be worth describing this tasteless farce, if it did not suggest a few points which I would like to add to Miss Davidman's fine polemic ("Women: Hollywood Version," NEW MASSES, July 14).

Here are all the cliches of Hollywood's conception of a humorous marriage. George (Ray Milland) is a good-natured dope working in a bank, whose job is regularly endangered by the thimblebrain projects of wifey Mary Elizabeth (Betty Field). Just as George is about to be fired, a visiting prospective investor from the South (Eugene Pallette) shows up. Enchanted by Mary's stupidity and George's knowledge of local finance, he decides to put his money in the boss' bank. This helps George become first vice-president of the bank, and restores his self-respect to such an extent that he is now able to bawl out a sourpuss female servant who has been bullying him for eighty-nine minutes. We also have an old flame of George's, of whom Mary Elizabeth is terribly jealous, but who fortunately turns out to be hunting the southern gentleman with all the money. The cast, named and unnamed, do as well as may be expected with a plot and dialogue that would bore a horse.

FIRST, I should like to endorse Joy Davidman's attack on all such caricatures of human relationships. It is interesting to note that the contemptuous treatment of women in the film produces a corresponding degradation of the men. The idiot wife leads to the dumb husband (an *idiot savant,* perhaps, but still a fool). The comic maid presupposes the absurd master and mistress; the gold digger requires the rich nitwit. The feeble laughter which greets these individuals contains no love for their humanity; it is only aroused by the fact that they are so sub-human. Their humanity has been replaced by funny situations. At this time nothing is more important than to strengthen people's love of freedom and faith in their creative powers. But Hollywood continues to manufacture inane half-creatures, capable only of stupidities.

I think, though, that Miss Davidman has painted too rosy a picture of the reality which the movies have distorted. At one or two points she gives way to real wish fulfillment. For example: ". . . women replace men wherever possible in the war effort. Nor are their homes worse run, their children worse cared for." Cared for by whom? By these same women, or by a domestic worker who is thereby herself withdrawn from productive labor? One of the most pressing problems at the present time is the care of the children of working parents. It can only be met by public, scientifically run nurseries and community centers. The burdens of the home, cooking, cleaning, laundering, also call for communal solutions. As Miss Davidman does not suggest these, she merely piles one mountain upon another. The entrance of woman into industry is, as it always was, only a precondition for her liberation. If she is at the same time not released from the "duties" of housework, she is just as enslaved as before. And no amount of "dignifying" her double task, no quantity of praise for her will power, can disguise the fact that she is more tied down than ever.

RECALLING primitive woman's part in productive labor, Miss Davidman asserts that, "Now the work has moved out of the home; but the woman remains." Work has not moved out of the home at all. It has merely become progressively burdensome and meaningless, with the growth of productive forces which could reduce it to a minimum. By speaking of "idle" mothers in general, Miss Davidman confuses the dilemma of the rich, the middle class, and the working class mother, the problem of the woman forced into idleness by social custom with that of the woman overwhelmed by individually—not socially—necessary labor. This confusion stems from her desire to resolve the contradiction which besets the majority of marriages: the working woman cannot keep house; housekeeping is a bar to productive work. Now you can't answer the contradiction by conjuring up a job for the banker's wife or daughter, and wafting fifty labor-saving devices into the working class kitchen. Nor can you deny the contradiction by pretending that a successful marriage and a successful career are birds in the hand of every woman. If they were, Miss Davidman would not have to use a Soviet film to try to prove her case.

The screen, like art and literature, reflects human relationships in its own fashion. Then in what way and for what purpose does it distort them? By denying the possibility of an ideal marriage, in which sexual equality has been achieved? And this in order to prevent women from taking their rightful place in modern industrial and professional life? I think this analysis misses the point. It is precisely because the achievement of real equality is so difficult, and because a successful marriage must be fought for with all the resources of the individuals concerned, and *not* because it is easy to accomplish, that the screen is so interested in falsifying the relationship. It wants to preserve not so much the facts as the values of the past. Women can work, all right, but their working must not be permitted to change their inferior status. That is why every time a woman is doing well in her job or profession, she is confronted with parlor, bedroom, and bath in the shape of a Male Animal, who conquers her even as she entrances him—by charm and the sulks.

TAKE *Woman of the Year,* which parodies and reverses the values of a real relationship. Actually, the woman, a prominent journalist, is brought to terms by the weakness, not the strength of the husband. Forced to strive for mastery to carry out a cultural pattern no longer in accordance with the facts of modern life, he tries to turn someone whom he can respect into someone whom he cannot. While she, in order to preserve the relationship at all, has to defer to his need to dominate her.

This unpleasant reality must be glossed over. So the woman's concession is portrayed not as a desperate tactic to keep the man she

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loves, but as a happy surrender before the eternal values of status quo. And the joke is carried off over a struggle with a waffle iron.

How familiar! The meaning of what has happened dissolves in fun. The values having been carefully drained away, the comedy is duly converted into a farce. With real life removed, nothing is left but mechanical humor, which can be kept spinning for a million reels. Had the situation been conceived on a different emotional plane, that is, if it had tragic potentiality, a similar process of dilution would take place; instead of tragedy, you would be served pathos, the automatically sad, devoid of sense or direction. The escape formula here is no different from that of other situations in which human destinies are involved. Not even the war has succeeded yet in changing this formula.

Miss Davidman wants the films to show the successful emancipation of women, while that emancipation is still in painful process of accomplishment. This is idealism of the wrong kind. It overlooks the real subject almost as completely as the films do—the fight which women have to wage every day of their lives against social prejudice, antiquated marriage and divorce laws, reactionary interests in the world at large, and against the conscious and unconscious efforts of the men they love to exert authority over them. Miss Davidman objects to the fact that when the movies present a woman with a career, they usually take care to make her suffer for it. It is not the movies alone which make her suffer. The "penalties" are exacted in real life, as well as on the screen. The trouble with Hollywood is that it approves the penalties, and grinds farcical situations out of the condition of woman's bondage. To preserve male superiority as one of the main pillars of society, it is ready to deprive the woman of all dignity, turning her into a clown or slave type. With the inevitable result—the man too becomes enslaved and clownish.

With the necessities of war breaking down the old distinctions between man's and woman's work in industry and the professions, it becomes doubly urgent to destroy the myth of male superiority which Hollywood helps to perpetuate. Not only because it is an offensive anachronism, but because the freedom of women must be assured as one of the guarantees of human freedom in general. Yet would it not be more realistic to demand that our films show women in the midst of struggle for their freedom, than to ask Hollywood to recount a victory which has not yet been won?

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

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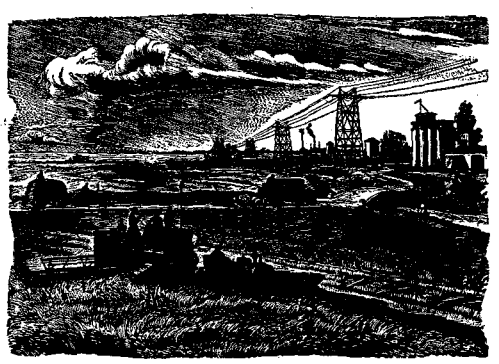
streamlined to suit the realistic tempo of 1942. Despite the excellence of individual performers, some of the best numbers fall flat. "That Russian Winter," well staged, danced, and sung, is still a frustrating piece all the way through. Pure vaudeville, it might have been lifted from a night-club floor show. The dramatic aviation scene serves chiefly to tell us that our American Eagles, when they're "up in the air," are yearning for their sweethearts and wishing they were "down on the ground"—a pretty unconvincing piece of news. "Stage Door Canteen" is gaily reminiscent of the Good Old Days, and so is Jane Cowl. The Japs-and-the-Germans skit is amusing to look at and strikes a modern note, but merely poking fun at the Axis partners is an incidental gesture that scarcely carries the point. However, Mr. Irving Berlin's return in person, with his Boys from "Yaphank," brought down the house in the show's real climax, when he sang "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!" It is unfortunate that the stirring declaration in the song of the finale—"This Time Is the Last Time"—actually comes as a surprise after an evening of purely nostalgic fun.

Nowhere on the program until the finale is there a hint of the meaning and purpose of the war against fascism. A show of this kind presents an excellent opportunity to put across such meanings to the public through a highly effective medium—but here the opportunity has been missed entirely. The result is a show that seems to be based on the mistaken belief that Americans prefer to think of their 1942 fighting forces in the outmoded, sentimental conceptions of 1918.

There is another omission, no less serious. When the curtain rises on the handsome array of smiling soldiers, it reveals a "white man's army." Not a Negro appears on the stage until the specialty number entitled—of all things—"What the Best Dressed Man in Harlem Will Wear"; and not again until the assemblage of the cast in the finale. This, in the face of the Negroes' heroic participation in the war, and the discrimination against them which must be broken down, is extremely unfortunate.

Notwithstanding such flaws, it is a lusty, merry show; and as long as it runs, the Army Relief Fund will benefit by the heartwarming enthusiasm of the audience that responds so magnificently to the similarly enthusiastic entertainers.

MARGARET R. MEIGHAN.



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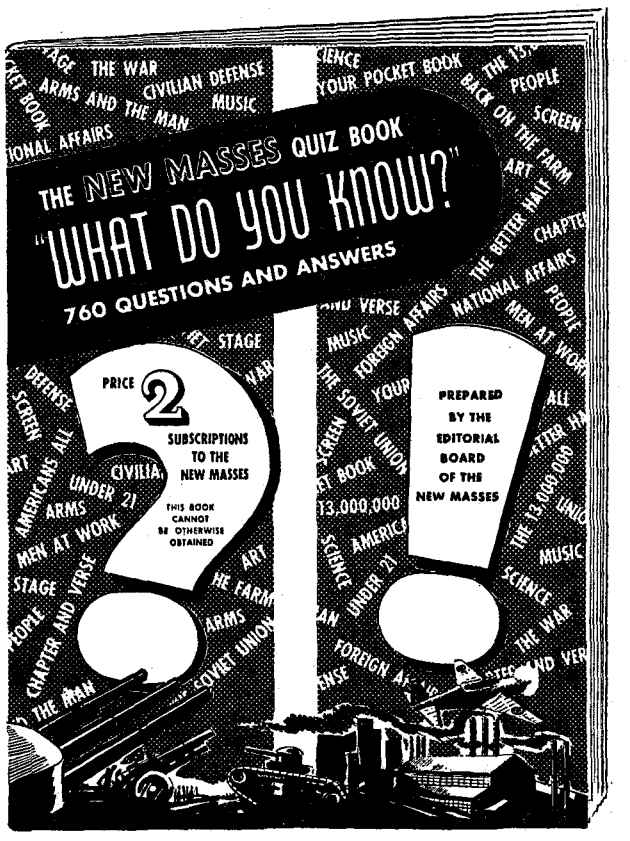
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